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JOHN BULL

Vol. XXX. No. 808. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1921. TWOPENCE.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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OUR PRICE for these machines FOR A LIMITED TIME is 50/- ONLY, which INCLUDES a FREE GIFT of NEW 10-inch RECORDS (6 selections) and box of 200 NEEDLES, securely packed in a box and SAFE DELIVERY GUARANTEED.

SPECIFICATION. Solid Oak Cabinet, polished dark antique, artistically embellished with ornamentations on doors and sides. Powerful and very silent-running motor, with double record spring, 10-inch turn-table, that will take up to 12-inch records, nickel silver plated swan-neck tone arm, special concert sound-box, with insulated rubber back, speed regulator. Oak grille in front of machine and double folding doors on piano hinges to increase or diminish sound at will. Size of machine approximately: 16 ins. long. 14½ ins. wide, and 8 ins. deep.

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JOHN BULL

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Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain."—*Joseph Story.*

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

"The hope of all who suffer,
The dread of all who wrong."
Whittier.

Vol. XXX. No. 808. Week ending Saturday, November 26th, 1921. Twopence

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The Washington Conference.

Nothing which has happened since we last wrote in any way modifies our view that all this talk will in the end prove to have been a waste of time. Japan, as we predicted, desires to "take seconds," whilst the suggestion that America should be entitled to a Navy as large as our own is a somewhat tall order. However, let the talk proceed—in any case, it means the death knell of the silly League of Nations.

One Consolation—

Is that, even though in the end it should be agreed that America should have a Navy equal in size to our own, they will never be able to sing "We've got the ships, *we've got the men*—we've got the money too." The genius of the sea is the monopoly of the British race; and, after all, it is the human equation which tells in naval warfare.

Disarmament and Unemployment.

Meanwhile, do our legislators realise the enormous amount of labour which will be thrown out of employment by the closing down of shipyards and armament factories? It is all very well for Mr. Clynes and others to say that men may be much better employed, but there are one and a half millions already waiting for work. Better that men should be engaged on making guns and battleships than on nothing at all.

The Unionist Revolt.

So far, the Party wire-pullers have triumphed over the little band of "Diehards," as they are called; but they will remain a nasty thorn in the side of the Coalition—whilst, in the event, by no means remote we fear, of the Irish negotiations breaking down, they will undoubtedly act as a magnet for the Unionist Party generally.

A General Election.

Everything now points to the probability of an early General Election, which will be the astutest move the Prime Minister could possibly make; meanwhile, we congratulate the War Secretary upon the subtle hint he gave as to the contingency of English women having to send their fathers and sons to fight the Irish. There's the rub!

Shortt-Sighted.

We are glad to learn that the Home Secretary, Mr. Shortt, was delighted with his visit to the Borstal Institution at Portland, where he found everything, both in the garden and in the Home, lovely—despite that little matter of recent suicides which was the cause of his inspection. By the irony of fate, the very next day some more of the youngsters bolted from the institution.!

What is This?

Can we believe our eyes, or "is wisions about"? One of the illustrated papers the other day published a picture representing Sir Alfred and Lady Mond having a "dip" in the "lucky tub" at a charitable bazaar! What *would* Sir Chartres Biron say about it?

The French Way.

Last week there was an aviation exhibition in Paris, amongst the exhibitors being Fokker, the notorious Dutch inventor who, during the War superintended the construction of German military aeroplanes. When the President and his suite arrived at the exhibition, they deliberately boycotted Fokker's stand and requested that it might be removed—which was promptly done. We commend this example to our own exhibition authorities.

CLOSES THIS WEEK!

£2,000
FOR ONLY TEN.

Fill up the Free Football Coupon on page iii of Cover.

The Old Story.

Now that the Wakeford case is again pressing itself upon the public mind, it is really amusing to see how several of our contemporaries are stealing our thunder—one of them actually giving the *Nation* credit for the story of "The Girl in the Cathedral," whom we unearthed some months ago at a considerable cost to ourselves. It is an ungrateful world.

Our Little Bill.

Support for our Privilege of Counsel (Restriction) Bill—which we shall certainly press forward next Session—continues to flow in from all quarters. "The wonder is," says our contemporary *Fairplay*, for example, "that steps have not been taken sooner." Following this expression of opinion is a very practical suggestion for bringing scandalous Pleadings within the scope of the measure. Duly noted.

Quite So!

Reviewing a book recently published in America giving "British Policy and Opinion during the Franco-Prussian War," the *Publishers' Circular*, commenting on a quotation from *John Bull* of that date, points out that it must not be confused with this journal, and observes: "What a striking example of 'Other times, other manners.'" Quite so—the world moves on; but we are sure that our prececessor in title would have spoken of Germany as we have done.

A Famous Film.

The storm of controversy over the Kitchener film gives us "furiously to think." And have you noticed that it is the detractors of "K.-of-K" who are loudest in their protestations?

A Journalistic Jaunt.

The *Westminster Gazette* in its morning dress does not entirely captivate our taste. We see, moreover, that Mr. J. A. Spender, who was the life and soul of the evening "*W.G.*," has signalised the new departure by a trip to Washington in search of "copy." Not a very hopeful outlook for the journalistic bantling of the "Wee Frees."

A Lesson from "Down Under."

Here is an extract from a recent Parliamentary report from Queensland: "On the vote for hospitals, the Home Secretary said that there had been seventeen 'sweeps,' which had provided £192,043—all of which had gone to the hospitals." What a wicked Colony!

Arabs and Jews.

We have received a strong protest from the Palestine Arab Delegation at present in this country against their compatriots being expropriated in Palestine in favour of the Jews. We do not, however, think there is much real danger ahead, as the Jews usually follow the Christians.

The Anguish of Age.

A kindly disposed Manchester reader writes on behalf of an old lady who "has had the misfortune to live to the age of seventy." It is the scandalous delays of the local Old Age Pension authorities which provoke this ironic comment, Why is it that these beneficent Acts are so often spoiled by soulless administration?

The Indemnity and the Mark.

May there not be something to be said for the view that the Government might accept payment of the balance due under the Reparations Clauses of the Peace Treaty in marks, at the rate of 1,000 to the £, putting the paper on one side until, as will undoubtedly happen, Germany in the course of years recovers her prosperity and the exchange rectifies itself?

Paddle *versus* Turbine.

During the recent Channel gales the old French paddleboat *Pas de Calais* was, as we stated, the only vessel to breast the waves on the day when the storm was at its height As we then pointed out, new scientific inventions are not necessarily always an improvement on the old order of things At the same time, we should like to see English Masters navigating all the Channel boats.

A Good Lead.

Now that the Highways Committee are recommending the re-introduction of penny fares on the L.C.C. tramways, on the ground that penny rides which people do take are more profitable than three-halfpenny ones which they don't, perhaps the Postmaster-General will put on his thinking cap. We assure him that a penny letter which is posted will bring more grist to the mill than a dozen twopenny ones which are never written.

A Gratuitous Insult.

A woman in the Shoreditch County Court assured Judge Cluer that she had never heard her husband swear at anyone. Whereupon his Honour retorted: "When a woman will swear to that it only shows the wisdom of not allowing wives to give evidence for or against husbands." We ourselves know a few men who never swear, and thousands who would not do so within the hearing of their wives. We wonder if Judge Cluer is in the habit of using bad language before his womenfolk.

"A Serious Police Blunder."

As far back as last June we drew attention, under the above heading, to the injustice which had deprived Henry Melville Townsend, a taxi-cab driver, of his licence. His authority to drive a public vehicle was withdrawn by Scotland Yard on medical grounds, notwithstanding the fact that his mental and physical fitness were testified to by three independent and eminent physicians. Townsend, who supports his aged mother, is still deprived of his licence, an acute privation which he has done nothing whatever to deserve. We intend to keep pegging away till justice is done in this painful case.

Lording It.

The old story, and yet ever new. Miss Howse, the Post-Mistress of the village of Wilcot, depends on that official position for her living. The villagers depend on the post-office for their written and telegraphic communication with the outer world. But Lord Ernest St. Maur desired this lady's cottage for his gardener-milker. And so an elderly and unimpeachable lady loses her livelihood, the villagers their postal facilities, while the public incur expense in removing poles, wires and apparatus to another building. And all because a supine Bench, anxious to oblige "the gentry," have ordained that it so shall be. We heartily dislike such surviving relics of feudalism in this more progressive age.

Customs Crotchets.

Five cases of wooden toys were in the hands of the Customs authorities nearly eight weeks because they contained among them two toy pianos over the value of one shilling each. These were classed as "musical instruments," therefore subject to duty. To see if there were any more of these "musical instruments" the Customs officers had all five cases unpacked, and finally delivered them to their owners in a broken condition, and too late to enable them to re-export to at least one of their customers in time for the Christmas market. The amount of duty paid was 5s. 5d. We should like to keep the idiot responsible for this in close confinement till he learnt to play "Rule Britannia!" with both hands at once on one of these "musical instruments."

Nosey Parker Nabbed.

Representing himself to be a Relieving Officer and Health Inspector, Edward Foster, of Bristol, made it his business to visit women living in the poorer parts of the town, pawing them about on the pretext of medically examining them. We are glad to say this filthy-minded brute met his deserts in the shape of six months' imprisonment. One can hardly blame the poor women for falling into the trap. The episode is a nauseous by-product of the system which lets loose an ever-increasing horde of official Nosey Parkers in our midst.

"For Your Credit's Sake."

The Royal Victoria Hall, Waterloo Road, honourably and affectionately known as the "Old Vic," is in danger of extinction. The L.C.C. insist upon structural alterations at a cost of £20,000, and this sum is being appealed for. We cannot doubt that it will meet with a generous response, in spite of the trouble and stress of these days. Every theatre in London should be proud to give a performance in its aid, and every lover of opera and drama should subscribe to the utmost of his ability. For the "Old Vic." is doing a noble work. It would be a sin to allow it to die!

The Question of the hour—

Have you got YOUR copy of the

PASSING SHOW

XMAS 'XTRA.

Now on sale, —— 6D.

?

Worse Off.

A Weymouth ex-Sergeant who has just been appointed to the Customs and Excise "at a basic salary of £72," explains that, while as a "temporary" clerk he was passing rich on less than a dustman's wages, £3 4s. 6d. a week, he now receives only £3 3s. 8d.—so that he is 10d. a week worse off for having passed into the permanent ranks. It is hard lines to sweat and struggle for promotion only to receive an "Irishman's rise."

"Takes the Cake."

A sad story is told by a Brixton bride. After the wedding, dainty little boxes of cake were despatched by post, according to the usual custom. Pitiful to relate, most of these were delivered in fragments, and minus the original contents. A strong protest made at the Post Office where they were despatched elicited the astonishing explanation that "the Post Office officials regard wedding cake as their perquisite!" Surely they "take the cake"!

Postal "Economy."

At one time the whole of the mails from all over Ireland were dealt with on the Saturday night journey from Kingston to Holyhead, requiring seventeen expert sorters. A hasty "economy" by the P.M.G. reduced the number to six, who are quite unable to cope with the mass of letters. They end by dumping the balance at Crewe, where extra hands have to be put on even to get it ready by Monday. The net result of this brain-wave is two days' delay and no labour saved. This is the sort of thing that happens when the zeal for economy is untempered with discretion, as too often it has been within the past few months.

"Tickets, Please."

Within a few days we shall see the restoration of some of the pre-war travelling facilities which were so greatly appreciated by suburban residents. The South-Eastern Railway will begin on the 1st December to issue cheap first, second, and third-class tickets on week-days only from all their stations within a radius of 15 miles from London. Christmas shoppers will find this a great boon.

Making Ends Meat.

We understand that the "Country Party" in Australia requested Mr. Hughes, the Commonwealth Premier, to suggest to the British Government that the unemployed in this country should be paid in meat instead of money. It is hoped that the effect in Australia would be to "prepare the way for a resumption of the meat export trade." We do not favour the proposal. Indeed, we fear that if Mr. Lloyd George started paying the "dole" in beef and mutton the fat would soon be in the fire.

"Milk and Watery" Justice.

J. Osborne, a dairyman, of Heathcote Street Mews, Gray's Inn Road, has evidently determined to become rich. The stuff he was selling was found to be 66 per cent. deficient in fat. It was stated that he had recently been fined £18 and £2 2s. costs at Marylebone for a similar offence. Yet with this evidence before him, and though he described the offence as "a gross fraud upon the public," Mr. d'Eyncourt, at Marlborough Street, could do no better than impose a further fine of £20 and £3 3s. costs. It is obvious that Osborne must be deriving a goodly profit from this illicit trading since the former fine did not deter him. A taste of gaol might have proved more effective.

Sedition in Sunday School.

It is all very well for Mr. Shortt, the Home Secretary, airily to dismiss the subject of the seditious doctrines taught to-day in the Socialist SundaySchools throughout the country, saying there is no legislation under which such schools could be closed, and that there is no hope of such legislation. It amounts to this, then—that in certain districts children are to continue to have Communistic poison instilled into their impressionable young minds without let or hindrance—poison which, we fear, unless a drastic antidote be administered, will in a generation or less bring us within measurable reach of Russia's abject plight. If the Government is powerless to protect infants from the vile infection of seditionmongers, it no longer fulfils its elementary purpose.

A Cheerful Note.

If you want to cheer up yourself, your friends and your neighbours, the best way to set about it is to get a copy of the "John Bull Song and Dance Annual," which is now enjoying an enormous sale. This horn of musical plenty comprises 25 of the most popular songs and dances of the day. In it will be found such favourites as "Give Me Your Heart" (Phyllis Dare), "Little Lancashire Rose" (Daisy Dormer), "She Spoke to Me First" (George Robey), "I'll Love You To-morrow" (Harry Lauder), etc., etc., together with the chorus of "Whispering" and the latest One-Steps, Valses and Fox-Trots. It is to be bought for 1s. 6d. net from all music stores and newsagents. Get it to-day.

Exclusive Memoirs by Lord Ullswater appear in "SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED."

Branch P.O.s in Shops.

It has always been a mystery to us why a great national concern like the G.P.O., run or supposed to be run on business lines, should utilise grocers', bakers', off-licence and even greengrocers' shops as places of business for its branch P.O.s. When these shops close, as they do at all manner of times—at 1 p.m. on Wednesdays, for example, and during the dinner hour—the greatest possible inconvenience is caused. The whole thing is unbusinesslike, and detrimental to the best interests of the Department and of the public it claims to serve.

Nice Roads, But No Houses.

It took the Weybridge Council several years to decide to build badly-needed houses. Then it took the plunge, and a number of nice roads with beautiful sewers complete were produced. After Weybridge had spent £20,000 in their new-found zeal, the Ministry of Health stepped in and forbade the building contemplated. Now, for all their earnest thought and money spent, the Council have their lovely roads and charming sewerage, but not one house. But all is not lost—they are threatened with a writ for £2,600, money still due to the sewer contractors. What a game!

"Evil" Manchester.

Grave alarm is being felt by the Manchester clergy regarding the appalling "growth of betting" in that city. So perturbed are the clerical dignitaries, indeed, that they have approached the local Chief Constable, Sir Robert Peacock, to urge him to exercise more activity on the part of the police in stamping out this terrible "evil." The complete abolition of whist drives and lotteries, and greater activity of the police in bringing cases to court, are the principal expedients suggested. Is it too much to hope that the Manchester Chief of Police will regard such stupid and lop-sided Puritanism in its proper light?

All In One.

A white-haired old woman journeyed from the North of Scotland to lay a bunch of chrysanthemums on the tomb of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster. She confessed to those who spoke to her that she had been told by a clairvoyant that the bones of her son were enshrined therein. A correspondent writes that he is sure that it is his brother who was thus honoured. And we know of many wives who believe it to be their husband, while many maids are convinced in their hearts that it was their lover. And the faith of every single one has a splendid justification. That is the supreme beauty of the whole idea.

Visibility.

A Lyme Regis policeman recently arrested an old woman of 82 for "lodging in the open air without visible means of subsistence," though in her pockets and in bags concealed in her clothing she had 209 farthings, two five-shilling pieces, several foreign coins, and as much as £4 18s. 7d. in stamps. As the Magistrates in such circumstances could not legally convict her, she was discharged. Whereupon a Bungay reader enquires: "What happens to a poor devil who sleeps out and hasn't a cent?" Usually he sleeps in—for two months or thereabouts—for being a rogue and a vagabond. It is horribly unlucky to be poor.

Too Few Cooks.

Mr. Henry Fielding, Town Clerk of Canterbury, by no means holds the record as a pluralist. He is again beaten, hollow this time, by Mr. Guy Tassell, of Faversham, who, in addition to his private practice as a Solicitor and Commissioner for Oaths, holds as many as 18 public appointments, including those of Town Clerk, Clerk to the Guardians, and Clerk to the Assessment, School Attendance, and Education Committees, the County and Borough Magistrates, and seven other public bodies.

Leominster's Prodigy.

Then there is the ex-Mayor of Leominster, who is Deputy-Coroner, Manager of the Labour Exchange, Pensions Officer, Collector for the Gas Company, Actuary of Savings Bank, Secretary of the Corn Exchange, Secretary of the Cottage Hospital, and an agent for several railway and insurance companies. It would be interesting to know what emoluments these gentlemen derive from each of their multifarious occupations—also the pay of the persons who actually do the work. We wonder if the details will be forthcoming.

FACE YOUR DENTIST WITH A SMILE

You'll even be able to do that if you get a copy of the Christmas Number of the "London Mail"—out Nov. 25. It contains more witticisms than the cleverest play in town.

DON'T MISS IT.

"LONDON MAIL" Christmas Number.

Out November 25. ——— 6d.

"Mary, Pity Women!"

At Lambeth, a young woman complained that the defendant had sent her a postal order under a Bastardy Order on which he had written, "For her illegitimate child." On being told by Mr. Gill that he could be proceeded against for libel, the author of the girl's downfall made the cowardly retort, "It is true!" Subsequently he expressed regret, and promised to send another P.O. in the place of the one complained of. All the same, we would like to have this paragraph printed in big letters and hung round his neck for twenty-four hours, just to see how he would relish the publication of his shame.

Manufacturing Criminals.

When charged at Marylebone with being a suspicious person, loitering for an unlawful purpose, Joseph Dredge, of Victor Road, Harlesden, pleaded he was down and out. "I have no work, and my wife and children want food," he confessed. The police gave him an excellent character, and acknowledged that his story was true. The young man had pawned practically all his home for necessaries. On the prisoner's brother coming forward with an offer of employment, the Magistrate bound Dredge over to come up for judgment if called upon, and warned him that but for his timely arrest he might now have been launched upon a career of crime. Whilst congratulating the Magistrate on his action, we should like to ask whose fault it would have been had this been so? No man with blood in his veins will stand quietly by and watch his loved ones starve. And so long as there remains food in the land no willing worker should be driven to choose between such torture and crime.

Goaded to Crime.

At Tunbridge Wells the other day, a young couple named Bathurst were sent to prison for three months for obtaining boots and the sum of £6 19s. by means of a forged cheque. It was the old story. The husband had been unable to obtain work since his discharge from the Army three years ago, and at the time of the arrest he and his wife and child were not far from starvation and nakedness. In despair the wife stole a blank cheque and filled it up for £10. To a large extent the crime could be laid at the door of the State for permitting an ex-Service man to go unemployed for so long a time.

German Toy Invasion.

While huge quantities of the Christmas toys now displayed in the shops have been imported from Germany, our own toy-making industry, painfully founded and developed during the war for the especial occupation and benefit of our grievously maimed men, is in imminent danger of extinction. Mr. Rooth, the humane Magistrate at Thames Police Court, when fining a poor fellow convicted of being in unlawful possession of a lot of this Hun-made trash, rightly declared that "the horrible things were only fit for a bonfire," and deplored the fact that our own workers have to sink and starve under this unfair competition.

Work and Idleness.

A good many steelworkers in the Sheffield district—who in the present deplorable condition of the industry are on very short time—are disposed to wonder why they should work at all. And well they may, since their pay, including the insurance grant of 10s., totals only 45s. 9d. weekly, while men who are entirely unemployed get 50s. 6d.—35s. 6d. from the Poor Law relief and 15s. from State Insurance. In some London districts, such as Mile End and Poplar, where the scale of out-door relief is much higher, a still larger number of the unemployed get bigger incomes than those in full work. So the vicious circle revolves.

"Peeping Tom"

Charles William Styants, of Bletchford Gardens, Hartow Road, is one of those filthy-minded reptiles who crawl about the places where lovers most do congregate in the hope of seeing something on which to feed their debased passions. Either that or blackmail; and such creatures cannot complain if we conclude their motive to be one or the other, or both. A young man named Alfred Turner stated at Marlborough Street Police Court that he and a girl were sitting under a tree in Hyde Park when Styants was observed peeping round an adjacent tree. On being remonstrated with Styants struck Turner in the face, breaking several of his teeth. The ruffian was fined 40s., with the option of 21 days. He should have been sent direct to gaol.

Our Gift to Our Readers.

The Christmas gift problem is always one that is difficult to solve. We are making a special effort this year to provide our readers with a solution which we think will appeal to them. On another page in this issue will be found a special gift of a 1s. coupon, which will be accepted in part payment for any one of the famous JOHN BULL Pens. Furthermore, our readers may take advantage of an unique offer of a 10s. 6d. JOHN BULL pen free.

Be well informed by reading "SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED."

THE DARK DOINGS OF A LONDON EDITOR.

WELL-KNOWN JOURNALIST'S HAIRBREADTH ADVENTURES IN THE NEVER, NEVER LAND.

By W. CHARLES PILLEY (*Assistant Editor*).

I AM a little disappointed in Mr. James Douglas, who, with a brilliance which I envy, edits the *Sunday Express*. As a writer on books and bookmen I admire Mr. Douglas immensely, and when, as he recently did, he sings me the praises of Rudyard Kipling, I am aware of an answering echo in the inmost recesses of my soul. I accept him gladly as a guide, trust him as a philosopher, respect him as a friend. But this acute and amiable critic, sad to relate, has fallen headlong from grace. In pursuit—he will forgive me, I am sure, for saying it—of a journalistic stunt, he has lately been chasing spooks in the Never-Never Land of the giddy spiritualists. And a terrible business it is, to be sure, when we see it in cold print on our Sunday breakfast tables. Frankly, I do not quite understand what has happened to Mr. Douglas. Whatever it is, I sincerely hope he will soon be better, for it is a terrible affliction, not only for himself but for his confiding readers, some of whom, I am afraid, may be tempted to take him seriously. For this spook fever is highly contagious. Since the war it has become an epidemic from which not even the cleverest persons are immune.

The Bold Explorer.

Now let us see what Mr. Douglas has been up to. It happens in this way. Spiritualism is among the most-talked-of subjects of the day, and the question, "Are the Dead Alive?" with which this gifted descriptive writer heralded his enquiries, is one which, for most people, has a poignant interest. Still, many of us are sceptical, demanding something far stronger in the way of evidence than the psychic investigators have yet been willing to produce. Into the arena of doubt steps Mr. James Douglas, intimating that he means to see into these things himself and tell us the plain truth without trimmings. "Let them catch *me* if they can," he seems to exclaim, and starts off by the next train for a week-end with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. From the standpoint of the strictly impartial investigator I am afraid this was a tactical blunder. But let it pass. I have no doubt Sir Arthur is a charming host, and knows a good cigar. Moreover, I feel certain that the spirits which enliven the atmosphere at the pleasant country residence of the creator of Sherlock Holmes are of the most innocuous variety. It was some time after this that Mr. Douglas came to grief.

The Amazing Seance.

It was all along with a Miss X. I do not know what the lady's proper name was, because "mediums" seem generally to prefer anonymity. On the way to the house in which the séance was to be held Mr. Douglas is confidentially told by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle that he will soon be "thrown in at the deep end," and I suppose he said he didn't care if he was, and felt sure he would like it. In any case, a bold explorer of the unseen who has undertaken grave responsibilities towards the reading public cannot allow himself to be held back by vague forebodings, and having tackled the job, so to speak, Mr. Douglas had to go through with it to the end. I am afraid if I had had to write a descriptive report of the proceedings I could not have managed the three columns of blood-curdling eloquence served up by this brilliant investigator for the delectation of his Sunday readers. I should rather have summed-up the whole thing in a phrase as a first-class conjuring performance. There was a tambourine that lifted itself from the table, made rings in the air and behaved generally, such is the weird force of coincidence, as though it had been moved by the human hand. From the darkness of the room strange faces emerged and glared at Mr. Douglas. Occasionally the sound of speech rent the circumambient air, the deep bass voice of a man alternating with the treble notes of a little child. In short, the whole set of tricks of a first-class séance was presented, and it must have struck Mr. Douglas as a highly fortunate circumstance that his first dip into the spiritualistic lucky bag should have produced such a goodly haul. I should have thought that, having essayed the rôle of detective, he would then and there have probed these mysteries to the core. I should have imagined that Miss X, the little girl Pansy, and the dancing tambourine would, so to speak, have "gone through it." But, oh, dear no! Sad to state, Mr. Douglas was, not to put too fine a point on it, a trifle indisposed. From his own story I gather that he was frightened stiff. "Gradually," he tells us, "I collected my senses and regained control of my shattered nerves. Faces came and went, and I listened to conversations in a bemused and bewildered state." I was afraid so. It was a pity all the same. These shocks and alarms are apt to distract the inquiring mind.

Honest Investigation.

Certainly this is not the mood or temper in which investigations of this character can usefully be carried on. Never again, deeply as I regret to say it, shall I trust Mr. Douglas in the dark with mediums and spirit voices and tambourines. In an early issue I hope to give some account of the experiences of an investigator with sufficient nerve and commonsense to look a supposed disembodied spirit straight in the eye without trembling at the knee joints, and although I may be able to offer nothing comparable to the brilliant descriptive writing of Mr. James Douglas, I think I may manage to open the eyes of the public. Meanwhile, I hope, as I say, that Mr. Douglas is himself again, and if he really likes this sort of thing, I would suggest an evening or two at Maskelyne and Devant's.

UNBAR THE DOOR!

TWENTY-ONE YEARS IN PRISON AND STILL NO HOPE.

Twenty-one years ago Thomas Henry Sweetnam was a boy of 16, with a highly-strung and nervous temperament. But, as he grew up under the influence of certain intense religious fervour, his mental condition became such that he was confined for three months in a lunatic asylum at Bridgend, Glamorganshire. In February, 1900, after his release, being still evidently not responsible for his actions, he killed an old man in an outburst of temper, arising, as it seemed, from temporary insanity. He was found unfit to plead, and the customary order of confinement during His Majesty's pleasure was made. For the past 21 years the boy, now, of course, a full-grown man of middle age, has been incarcerated in Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum. During all this time Sweetnam has been entrusted with the complete outfit of tools for his trade of shoemaker, and, as most people are aware, not a few of them are capable of becoming exceedingly dangerous weapons in the hands of persons of vicious character. But for the whole of the 21 years Sweetnam has conducted himself in an exemplary manner, and has never shown a tendency to violence. If this grown man, who has passed a third of his life under duress for a fault of his boyhood, can now be released, his parents are prepared to set him up in business on his own account. It is a case where the Home Secretary might safely exercise clemency.

HOUSING CONDITIONS AT HACKNEY.

BOROUGH COUNCIL'S BIG RESPONSIBILITY.

A state of things exists in a certain district in Hackney Wick which entails a big responsibility on the Borough Council which they would do well to acquit themselves of at the earliest possible moment. Berkshire Road and Prince Edward Road are two thoroughfares in a low-lying area which is peculiarly susceptible to floods. Three times in five years the inhabitants have suffered acute distress by inundation, but representations to the Local Authority have met with but an indifferent response. On the occasion of the last flood, practically all the houses in these two streets were submerged in two feet of filthy water. Not only was all the furniture in the ground-floor apartments spoiled, but, what is far more serious, a number of people, including several children, immediately became ill with throat trouble, due no doubt to the terrible effluvia which succeeded the receding of the flood water. The wonder is that no serious epidemic ensued. On each occasion when the neighbourhood has suffered in this manner the hapless tenants are informed that the flood gates were closed. Once more a Town Hall official has assured them that "the matter is under consideration." As this has been a stock phrase for the last five years, it is about time consideration gave place to action. As over sixty residents have petitioned us in the matter, and most of them have children, it will be seen that the situation is not one for trifling with.

BAN ON BRIXTON STREET MARKET.

POPULAR INDIGNATION AT POLICE PROHIBITION.

The high-handed action of the Metropolitan Police authorities in summarily dispersing and abolishing the famous street market which for nearly half a century has flourished in Atlantic Road, Brixton, has roused indignant consternation, not only among the costermongers concerned, but among their countless customers. The only reason officially advanced for what is nothing less than an act of tyranny, is that the stalls caused congestion of traffic, and thus endangered life, but proof of that assertion does not, at present, appear to have been produced, Most of the costermongers have enjoyed undisputed possession of their "pitches" for many years, the record being held by Mr. George Rogers, colloquially known as "Chris the Salad Specialist," whose green-stuff stall has been famous throughout South London for some four decades, while during these latter years of dearth and high prices the market has been a positive boon and blessing, not only to the poorest residents in the populous suburb, but to thousands of impoverished middle-class housewives from other districts, who have been wont daily to repair thither to buy food of all kinds, fresh and of excellent quality, at prices far below those charged in shops. For these anxious, harassed pilgrims the alternative sites offered, in Station and Pope's Roads, are far less accessible and convenient than the old one. The matter is important in more ways than one.

Spend an Ideal Sunday by Reading "SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED."

NEW WAKEFORD DEVELOPMENTS.

VITAL LETTER PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME.

Each week now seems to be marked by some fresh development in the Wakeford Case. A fortnight ago it was announced that definite steps were being taken to secure, if possible, the re-opening of the whole matter in the light of the fresh evidence which had been obtained; last week we were able to publish the exclusive news that a monster Petition to the King was being prepared by an influential clerical committee in conjunction with the proprietors of this journal, while we are now able to place before our readers a copy of the letter, never before published, written by ex-Archdeacon Wakeford after his momentous interview with Mrs. Hansen (the "Girl in the Cathedral") at our office. The letter is dated May 31st, 1921:—

> The girl that I interviewed in your office on Saturday responded at once to the expectation that my memory had constantly suggested. You will note that in my description of the Girl in the Cathedral, twice given on oath, in Lincoln and in London, I have portrayed her as a person of about 18 years of age, of the student-teacher type, slight in build, quiet, observant, well-spoken. All this she appears to fulfil. But to this I add that I recall the rather resilient tone of speech, half-languid or incomplete in sentence, the deprecatory movement of lips and the turning of the pear-shaped chin towards the left as she speaks; and with this also the quiet readiness to ask, as she did, that I should put on my hat or coat to make her remembrance final.

One fact in connection with the matter, which naturally affords us considerable gratification, is the unanimity with which the entire Press of the country is now supporting the attitude adopted by us since the inception of the case. Month by month we insisted that the last word had not been heard in connection with Mr. Wakeford's condemnation. To-day our statements have proved to be perfectly correct, and we welcome the support which is being extended to the reverend gentleman by practically all our contemporaries. This is a question upon which journals of all shades of political opinion are in agreement, for the principles of justice are the monopoly of no single Party, and the impression grows that what has happened in the Wakeford case is an evil precedent which, if unredressed, may work untold harm. It is a recognition of this underlying circumstance which unites journals as widely divergent in their views as *The Nation* and JOHN BULL in support of the Archdeacon's claim for a judicial review of the new evidence which has come to light since his trials.

THE CLERGY ACTIVE.

Meanwhile, a by no means uninfluential section of the clergy are actively moving, and at a further largely-attended meeting held a few days ago it was resolved to open a further campaign in support of the ex-Archdeacon, and to join forces with the laity in the endeavour to mobilise public opinion on his side. Incidentally, we are gratified to learn that the assistance of JOHN BULL and the untiring advocacy of our Assistant Editor, Mr. W. Charles Pilley, whose efforts have been largely instrumental in rousing public interest upon this question, were the subject of graceful recognition. Our own correspondence is a sufficient index to the general trend of thought on this question, and it is noteworthy that among the mass of letters received hardly any are devoid of sympathy with our point of view. Scarcely a single writer ventures to affirm with confidence that the decision of the Judicial Committee was warranted upon the facts, while it is conceded on all hands that the discovery of the "Girl in the Cathedral" so changes the whole complexion of the case that until her evidence has been sifted by a competent legal tribunal the adverse judgment of the Courts is robbed of all title to respect.

"OVER THE TOP" TO TH[illegible]

EX-SOLDIER REFUSED A COTTAGE [illegible]

Not long ago an ex-soldier came to Fairford, near Cirencester, to take on a temporary job, with his wife and six children. His first impulse was naturally to look for a house. As Fairford boasts a number of cottages belonging to the R.D.C., some of which were vacant, this man, having done his bit for his country, thought he was on velvet. But he reckoned without the local Bumbles, who soon let him know that their precious contraptions of bricks and mortar were not for the likes of him. They also gave him to understand that there was a much more commodious house hard by, known to all and sundry as the Workhouse—and thither, peremptorily refused a cottage, he was forced to go. There were some among the Guardians, however, who were not altogether lost to a sense of shame, and who spoke out freely. At a meeting of the Cirencester Board, on the question being raised by a Mr. Mann, the only reason adduced by the Chairman of the Housing Committee for refusing the ex-soldier a cottage was "that his work at Fairford was only temporary and it was not considered advisable to let anyone have a house on any but a permanent tenancy." With this statement the majority present seemed quite content. The next speaker was a Mr. Carpenter. The man, he said, was not a rover but a hard-working fellow, who had to get employment where he could. It was a monstrous thing, he added—and we heartily concur—that a man who had served his country for three years should be refused a cottage. The irony of it is that a portion of the cost of erecting the cottages—as another sensible member, a Mr. Burge, pointed out—was borne by the nation as a whole. Yet a man who fought and risked his life for his country has perforce to go to the Workhouse because Bumbledom denies him, even temporarily, a shelter which his country helped to pay for! Such callous indifference to an ex-Service man's claim is deplorable.

NEWS OF THE "MYSTIC EIGHT."

HAVE YOU OBTAINED A STARRED BOX?

Great enthusiasm has been aroused throughout the country by the "Mystic Eight." To ensure combined attacks on the problem, many have banded together to form "Mystic Eight" parties. "Bring your box round to-night, and we will see if we can solve it together this time!" is a remark frequently heard. The puzzle is so designed that the expert has no advantage over the novice. In all of the boxes the following legend appears: "Keep this box intact—See JOHN BULL." To ensure widespread distribution the interiors of some of the boxes have been specially marked with a star, and the Publishers of JOHN BULL offer to buy these boxes so marked for £5 each, to enable them to check the arrangements made. If you have purchased one of these starred boxes, send it back intact to JOHN BULL, stating when and where it was obtained, and a cheque for £5 will be sent to you. The next box you see on the bookstall or at the newsagent's may be starred. As a guide to solutionists, it has been found that the winning numbers must come between 50 and 146. On each cube appears either even or odd numbers—no cube gives both. The winning solutions will be found to contain either three odd numbers and one even number, or *vice versa*, on each of the six sides of the made-up cube. £500 in prizes is offered for the first ten correct solutions posted. Solutions will not be opened until December 30, so make sure of ordering the "Mystic Eight" to-day—it will be a permanent source of amusement to our friends.

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Save as you shave. Buy yourself an 'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor to-day, and practise the art of economy.

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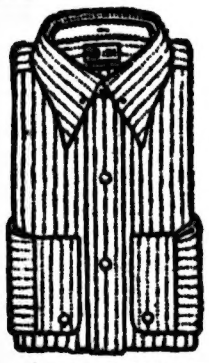

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AMAZING WAR SECRET REVEALED.

DISCOVERY WHICH ADDS NEW LUSTRE TO THE MEMORY OF KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM.

RECENT history has seen a wonderful revival of interest in the great personality of Kitchener of Khartoum. At length it seems that this incomparable soul is to come by its own, and the mysterious chapter of events leading up to his death at the zenith of his fame and power are to be exposed to the searchlight of truth. Perhaps the most remarkable suggestion of all is that patient research has at last discovered the actual burial place of a man whom the Empire disconsolately mourned; and if it should indeed prove true that the mortal remains of this greatest of Britain's sons are resting in an unknown grave upon an alien shore, there will be a no less unmistakable outburst of public feeling in this country than attended the obsequies of the Unknown Warrior. At the moment, we can state only that the rumour is one which is likely to repay the closest investigation, and we are glad to know that even at this early stage arrangements have already been made to sift the story to its foundations. Within the last few days an expedition for this purpose has been hastily arranged and will shortly embark for the coast of Norway. On this arresting theme we need say no more than that at the earliest possible moment the public shall be placed in full possession of the facts.

A War Secret.

But it is the life even more than the death of Lord Kitchener that still holds the imagination of the British people. That their respect for the career of this great soldier is undiminished is evident from the keen discussion which has heralded the forthcoming production of the photo-play, "How Kitchener Was Betrayed," which, under the auspices of JOHN BULL, is shortly to be launched for public exhibition. In the main, the film version of the events surrounding the death of Lord Kitchener follows the circumstantial account which, after thorough investigation, we were able to present to our readers last July, while an additional feature of interest is the prominence given to the part played by the great soldier statesman in connection with one of the most epoch-making discoveries of the war. Hitherto the credit for the Tanks has been shared by a number of individuals, some of whom have received, and doubtless may have earned, substantial sums from the Exchequer; but it seems to have occurred to no one that the suggestion which was to bear such rich fruit in the dark days of conflict may have emanated from the brain of the greatest battle-thinker of our time. Yet such, in fact, appears to have been the case, and it is obviously in the public interest, no less than in that of Lord Kitchener's memory, that the whole story should be exposed to the light of day.

Startling Suggestions.

In the first instance we give the version of this remarkable affair which has obtained the widest currency, and which, as we have reason to know, has been extensively canvassed in official circles. It rests upon a mass of detailed evidence which will be made public in connection with important legal proceedings upon which at the present stage we are not at liberty to comment. As early as October, 1914, it was borne in upon the astute mind of Lord Kitchener that the fighting movements of the armies in France were likely before long to eventuate in a chronic state of siege warfare, and in these circumstances it became of importance to consider what steps might be taken to overcome the difficulties inherent in this static form of combat. The use of armoured motor-cars was already familiar to the military experts, and among those who had piloted these useful vehicles through difficult country was Capt. Bede Bentley, a well-known soldier, explorer and engineer, who had written a book entitled "To Menelik in a Motor Car." It is known that Lord Kitchener had read this account of Capt. Bentley's hair-breadth adventures in Abyssinia, and there is conclusive evidence to show that before the end of October in the first year of the war he sent for the author and asked him to inspect an armoured car design which had been furnished by the authorities at Woolwich Arsenal. It is claimed for Capt. Bentley that he met Lord Kitchener on more than one occasion to discuss the possibility of the adaptation of the armoured motor-car to the uses of trench warfare in France, and Sir George Arthur—who, as Private Secretary to the late field-marshal, was intimately acquainted with his movements—confirms the statement that an interview of a most important character took place on October 21st, 1914, at Lord Kitchener's private house in London. The suggestion which Capt. Bentley put forward, with detailed specifications in support of his ideas, was that of an armoured and mechanically driven vehicle capable of carrying machine guns and other heavy types of ordnance, equipped with caterpillar wheels and special steering gear, and camouflaged in such a way as to ensure safety under fire. If this was not the actual form and shape of the Tank, afterwards adopted and brought to perfection by the Admiralty, under the direction and inspiration of such far-seeing naval officers as Admiral Murray Sueter, M.P., it was, at any rate, a nearer approximation to that useful engine of war than has ever yet been credited to the military authorities.

A Forgotten Debt.

It is a noteworthy fact that, although the Royal Commission on Awards to Inventors have so far failed to pronounce favourably upon Capt. Bede Bentley's title to a monetary reward for his suggestion, they have not been loath to call him as a Crown witness for the purpose of disparaging the claims of rival inventors. Our own strong view is that this gallant officer has hitherto been somewhat unfairly treated, and while we recognise that others may be entitled to share with him the credit that belongs to the evolution of the Tank as a perfected instrument of warfare, we think it important to put on record that as early as the first autumn of the war the paramount need of some such invention was practically recognised by Lord Kitchener. In any case the subject is one which merits searching enquiry. The suppression of facts which tend to exalt his greatness is not an indulgence that can be allowed to the detractors of Kitchener of Khartoum.

A BASELESS PROSECUTION.

PAINSTAKING OFFICIAL BEARS UNDESERVED BLAME

When Mr. F. J. Harcourt, of Alton, Hants, was appointed the new local Pensions official, he found the office in a state of chaos. Suddenly the Ministry of Pensions descended on him and, after a perfunctory inspection, asserted that he was £200 deficient, and forthwith prosecuted him for embezzlement. At the trial it was shown that the Ministry had mislaid and could not produce his last statements of accounts, while, incidentally, they coolly admitted that they had since discovered receipts for over £140 and were gradually finding more. The presiding Judge, Mr. Justice Sankey, after vainly questioning the official witnesses, declared himself unable to elicit any evidence of deficiency, and his Lordship proceeded to make scathing remarks upon the departmental methods. One Pensions official expressed himself surprised that Harcourt had been able to prepare any accounts at all, and was satisfied that no fraud had been committed. The jury, without leaving the box, acquitted the prisoner—but a few weeks later the Pensions Committee calmly informed him that his army pension was to be stopped *till the deficiency is made good!* Surely a scandalous shame.

DENTAL DIDDLERS.

TRIALS AND TROUBLES OF TOOTHLESS EX-TOMMY.

Wishing to have his defective molars extracted and a new set installed in their stead, an Earlsfield ex-soldier went to the Dental Surgeries run by A. J. Day's, Ltd., at 3, South Side, Clapham Common, who undertook to see him through for six guineas. After he had paid a deposit and several weekly instalments they confessed they were not able to draw teeth—being debarred by the Dentists Act from administering gas—so he went to a hospital and had the job done, relying upon Day's to provide a new set. They then coolly informed him that the charge would be increased to eight guineas, and there and then demanded a further £1, although he had already spent £5 12s. This, being at their mercy, he paid—only to find the teeth so badly constructed that he could not keep them in his mouth, let alone chew his food with them. Apparently satisfied in their own minds that the goods were useless, Day's ultimately consented to make a new set, but these they flatly refused to hand over until they received a balance of £1 16s. That was in May last, and the ex-Tommy is still toothless. Further comment is needless.

A TRUE TALE OF TERROR.

MAGISTRATE CANDIDLY ACKNOWLEDGES MISTAKE.

Alderman Jacobs, of the City of London, is a man after our own heart. When he makes a mistake he is not afraid to acknowledge it. He had before him a young porter named Harry Dance, who was accused of stealing 100 pairs of trousers, the property of his employers. Dance stated that a man called "Tom" demanded that the barrow and its contents should be handed over to him. He then snatched the barrow and ran away with it. A day or two afterwards "Tom" gave Dance £1 for himself, with orders to keep his mouth shut or he would be "done in." The Alderman did not believe that Dance, who had served in France, could be so easily intimidated, and sent him to prison for seven days. Later, however, the police informed the Bench that the man referred to as "Tom" was the terror of the neighbourhood; whereupon Alderman Jacobs promptly discharged Dance, and said he hoped to see the other man before him. We hope so, too. Meanwhile we congratulate the Magistrate and the police on their sense of justice—unfortunately, too many people in official positions have not the strength of character to acknowledge when they are in the wrong.

Liked by All—"SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED." "The Mirror of the World"—

SAINTS AND SINNERS: By THE CANDID FRIEND.

PEN PORTRAITS OF PROMINENT PEOPLE.

MR. FRANK HODGES.

"WHAT do you think of Frank Hodges?" is a question I have frequently asked many leaders of the Labour Party. "Frank is an enigma," is the invariable reply.

Well, Mr. Hodges has youth on his side. And youth is always an enigma. It is a blossoming state of life which is capable of any possibilities. It is a riddle. It leaves us guessing. And anything which is a riddle and leaves us guessing has interest for the general mind.

At the present moment Mr. Frank Hodges, Secretary of the Miners' Federation, is the riddle. Let us discuss him.

Outside Labour and political circles, Mr. Frank Hodges' name is still comparatively little known. Yet he remains one of the outstanding and—to my way of thinking—one of the most dangerous figures in our contemporary life. I forget how many coal strikes and acute periods of industrial unrest we have experienced since the end of the Great War was to give us "A land fit for heroes to live in," but I do know that Mr. Hodges has been the centrepoint of most, if not all, of these tragic disturbances in a country which was labouring to rebuild its social life.

I hate to bore you with phrases which you are tired of reading, but Mr. Hodges can be best described as a "dangerous intellectual." He is a miners' leader, but never earned great repute as a miner. He served an industrious apprenticeship, I believe, in the mine before he won a scholarship at Ruskin College, Oxford. A far more hard-working man than many of the miners whom he to-day represents, Mr. Hodges found in his scholarship an outlet for his natural tastes and energies. It is rather deplorable that those energies should have flowed into such dangerous channels. I am sure it must be a matter of profound regret to the pious shade of the founder of an institution originally intended to help in bringing peace and good will amongst the classes—instead of the sword.

But Mr. Hodges emerged from his scholastic seclusion at Oxford with an obsession. His friends call this obsession a dream, and the dream is the emancipation of the world from Capitalism. It is the sort of dream that turns into a horrible nightmare; the nightmare of incessant industrial unrest and a vision of civil war. We must all be held responsible for the dreams and ideals which govern our public lives, and in so doing help us to shape and control public conduct, and Mr. Hodges must be held responsible for a certain infatuated "idealism" which his personality has imposed upon a comparatively ignorant following. He has spread the most revolutionary principles of social order with a fervent energy which has at times amounted to genius.

He has left the shrieks and howls of his street corner tub-thumping fraternity to other and more congenial spirits. A master of facts, a trained speaker with a more than ordinary intelligent brain, he has persistently juggled with facts with bewildering ingenuity. He has not only misled the more innocent and ignorant of the workers. His personal genius has succeeded again and again in leading some of the best of the workers to what can only be described as domestic disaster.

As we know to our intense regret, he has been more than once successful in his gospel of class warfare, and the fruits of his personal success have been bitter for his followers.

Suffering from their recent and painful experiences, I wonder if the miners of this country are ever again going to follow this remarkable young Ruskinite on a crusade to emancipate them from Capital. I hope not. There used to be a leavening of common sense in the British peoples. If there is any left, Mr. Hodges will find himself, if he elects to start a new crusade, a general without an army.

It was almost so at the finish of Mr. Hodges' last attempt to put a pistol to the head of the nation. I met him then at a time when he wanted to resign from the position of Secretary to the Miners' Federation. The moderates amongst the leaders of the Labour Party were against him then, whilst the extremists of the rank and file were urging him on to a further mischievous defiance of the public will.

I had been told that Mr. Hodges was Labour's great future statesman. And I was disappointed to find a young man utterly incapable of dealing with the crisis which he had done so much himself to promote; a young man who seemed to be shell-shocked by the gravity of his position. As a rule, young men like this do not develop into great statesmen or successful crusaders. People who lead crusades—mistaken or otherwise—do not offer to retire from the battle when the hour of trial comes.

Still, there is hope for Mr. Hodges. He has one of the ablest and most disciplined minds which have attached themselves to the various branches of the Labour movement in this country. Yet he has hardly the nerve or the promptitude to make him a predominant Labour statesman. What then?

Well, Mr. Hodges' friends tell me that he has a strong and abiding ambition to be called to the Bar. I hope this ambition will not be balked. As a barrister, he would make his immediate mark at a Bar which at the present time is none too rich in brains and personality. He would be devoting his days to the prosecution of causes in which he had no direct or personal interest. He would be doing something practical.

His abilities would ensure him high honours in a great and honourable profession. I might even be spared to see Mr. Frank Hodges diverted from the path of revolution, and promoted to a judicial bench which is otherwise bound to be very uninteresting after Mr. Justice Darling retires.

He would at least command confidence in our Law Courts, which I am afraid his training, personality and mannerisms will never secure him in the jealous ranks of the Labour armies.

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CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

(This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.)

To Councillor T. Blythe, Lord Mayor of Bradford.

MY LORD MAYOR,—As a Labour politician you must be immensely tickled to become, if only for one year, a member of the "idle" class subsisting upon unearned increment. For I hear that your employers have told you that for the next twelve months you need not work, but just call round every Saturday for your wages. And very nice too—though, as you have been in their employ for 58 years, I am sure you have earned it. Still, it is pleasant to reflect that for the next twelve months, as Lord Mayor of Bradford, you will have good reason to be merry and bright. But then, you were always Blythe. JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. Trevett, Wimborne, Dorset.

UNSPEAKABLE CREATURE,—Recently the Magistrates granted an "affiliation order" against a degraded wretch who was the father of a child by your little daughter not yet fifteen years old. You admitted that when she was only thirteen you allowed her to go with men, saying you "did not mind, so long as nothing happened." I note the Bench severely censured you. I cannot quite understand why no proceedings were taken against the father under the Criminal Law Amendment Act, when your own conduct might have been still more closely examined. Still, perhaps the contempt of your neighbours will suffice.

JOHN BULL.

To Sergt.-Major Bunch, R.A.S.C., late British Expeditionary Force.

DEAR SERGEANT-MAJOR,—Over seven long years ago, a handful of men left these shores secretly, to win imperishable honour as the "Old Contemptibles." Their part was to strike the first British blow at the Hunnish hosts arrayed in their might against the world's liberty. Who was the first soldier to cross the channel? In the hurly-burly of war's alarums and excursions the name of the first individual to do so, if ever noted, has been lost; but you, at any rate, of the millions who followed that gallant and doomed vanguard, can claim the distinction of being the last to turn his back on the scene of Armageddon. The French, who have imagination, would have made this friendly parting a lasting memory. The British War Office, with its usual lack of imagination, allowed you to return almost as a week-end tripper. But, in the nation's name, I tender you a hearty "Welcome home!"

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. T. E. B. Renton, Ward Road Wesleyan Methodist Church, Dundee.

DEAR PASTOR,—I have read with interest of your intention to install upholstered "tip-up" chairs in your church in place of the orthodox pews, and that the same will be numbered in the approved fashion of theatre and music-hall seats. I rather like the idea. Will you, therefore, permit me to offer one or two further suggestions? What about smartly dressed girl attendants to distribute the hymn sheets, and a "soft drinks" refreshment bar to which worshippers can resort when overcome by your eloquence? A closer understanding between Church and Stage has been advocated for years. I am glad to find you are making a practical move towards that end. JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. Smith Wilkinson, Ritz Hotel, London.

DEAR MADAM,—I see it announced that you are back at the Ritz with more than twenty trunks containing costumes of all descriptions, most of which, presumably, you will don during your stay, to give your fellow visitors a treat. I trust you will take care not to catch a chill when changing, on cold days; for it is shocking to contemplate what a loss you would be to the costumiers of London and Paris. May I conclude by reminding you of the approach of Christmas, and by drawing your attention to my "Greatest of These" Fund, which gladly welcomes parcels of cast-off raiment for distribution amongst the less fortunate? Only please pick out those that don't shout the whole length of Piccadilly. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Thomas Black, late Inspector, Corporation Waterworks, Dundee.

DEAR SIR,—I notice you have resigned your position as Waterworks Inspector to the Dundee Corporation in order to qualify for a medical degree. Entering the service of the Corporation in 1906 as a waterworks labourer, you pluckily worked your way up, and by devoting your spare time to the study of medicine, passed your preliminary examination in 1913. When war came you went and did your bit, and after it was over you again took up the threads and resumed you studies, finally reaching the position you have just resigned. That you will obtain your medical degree I have little doubt, and I am equally convinced that when you do you will add lustre to the profession you have chosen. I wish you luck.

JOHN BULL.

To Dr. Alfred T. Schofield, Harley Street, W.

DEAR DOC.,—Really, I am afraid you can't be nice to know. You say, "Knowledge does not mean purity, since those with most knowledge are most impure!" Now, you are a specialist—and, as you lecture your own profession, your knowledge must be immense. If those who know most are most impure, surely you should be fenced off, or go and live in the Sahara! But, of course, you are only talking through your stethoscope. It is not knowledge, but the misuse of it that excites impurity. The more knowledge the better, especially in the field of sex, where ignorance and prurience walk hand in hand. JOHN BULL.

To I. Symmons, Esq., Stipendiary Magistrate, Clerkenwell.

DEAR CADI,—You seem to be living up to your decision to inflict a fine on all persons convicted of drunkenness at Clerkenwell. In the past "first offenders" have usually been discharged under the Probation Act, but in changing your methods you have very properly been actuated by consideration for the general public. As you truly remarked to a defendant the other day: "It is people like you who have caused the hour of closing to be changed from 11 to 10, and so that others cannot get a drink with their supper." Exactly so. It is hard that the folly or feebleness of a few should lead to the curtailment of general liberties. It is pleasant to see eye to eye with you. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. Tudor Craig, Vicar of St. Andrew's, Earlsfield.

DEAR VICAR,—You really shouldn't be so jealous. If you can't put up a more attractive Sunday performance than the cinema theatre managers, there is no need to make a fuss because they want to open on the Sabbath. According to your diatribe in your Parish Magazine, you have forwarded to the London County Council a protest, signed by 131 people. Seeing that Earlsfield has a population of 20,000, this makes your Sabbatarian bigotry look more than ordinarily foolish. It is obvious that an entertainment house can open on Sundays only if people want it, and if they don't, it will very soon be closed again. That is the test. The idea that the parson and a few of his friends are entitled to forbid the Sunday pastimes of thousands of other people is the assertion of a monstrous and intolerable tyranny.

JOHN BULL.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

Should Britain and the States agree
To scrap their surplus ships,
We wonder if we'll ever see
Nations again at grips?

The Bolshevik invokes the Law
Against a noble Duke,
But leaves the court-house feeling sore—
A self-admitted crook!

Justice sits in a drowsy mood
And either deaf or dense—
Or, maybe, she's not under-tool
Wakeford's new evidence.

When cooks and generals fall out
There's sure to be some fun,
For you can bet, without a doubt,
Each is a fiery one!

"Sunday's Brightest"—"Drives dull care away"—SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED."

SPORT AND SPORTSMEN: GLEANINGS FROM TRACK, FIELD, ROAD AND RING.

By "THE WAYFARER."

Carslake's Rise to Fame.

Mr. Sol Joel has had a remarkably successful season, and many of his victories have been achieved by the crack Australian horseman, Bernard Carslake, familiarly known as "Brownie." Although Carslake (sketch herewith) occupies third place to Donoghue and Bullock in the successful jockeys' list, his winning percentage is far better than that of either. Carslake, who was born at Caulfield, Victoria (N.S.W.), 34 years ago, took up riding regularly in this country in 1918, and quickly became established in the ranks of brilliant jockeys, finishing second to Donoghue with 42 successes.

Successes in Big Races.

The following year Carslake made most of his opportunities and rode 106 winners, again running-up to Donoghue. Last year he rode 67 winners, while this season he has had close on 90. A feature of Carslake's comparatively short career in this country is a long list of victories in important races, for, although he has not so far won the Derby, he has carried off most of the other big events.

Strydom to Ride in France.

After a successful time in England, Isaac Strydom, the Dutch-South African jockey, will seek fresh fields next season. He has accepted a retainer from Baron Baeyens to ride in France. Baron Baeyens is not unknown in England, as he raced that fine colt Souviens Toi here before taking him across the Channel, where the son of Santoi won many races.

Donoghue's Hat Trick.

Steve Donoghue brought off a capital feat recently at Liverpool when performing the "hat-trick" in the Autumn Cup. His victory on Lord Derby's Crevasse was his third in succession in the race, and all for different owners. In 1919, Donoghue won on My Dear for Mr. A. R. Cox, and last season on Mr. J. Reid Walker's Square Measure.

Ineligible Entries.

"G. H.," in the *Sporting Life*, struck a welcome note recently in advocating the appointment of a supervisor of entries by the Jockey Club to obviate the possibility of unqualified horses running, or even being entered for, a race. This kind of thing should not be possible, and it is very tantalising to a backer of a winner afterwards to lose his money when the horse is disqualified. Failing the appointment of a supervisor, what about framing a new rule to provide for relieving the responsible person of, say, £50 every time an unqualified entry is made?

Peep Behind the Scenes.

The F.A. Council is something like an "Aunt Sally" at a fair—just a cockshy for some people. I notice in a contemporary one writer constantly tilts at the International Selection Committee for inability to see further than their noses. But it is not always possible, or politic, to choose the men who seem to be playing best. For instance, the reason why in pre-war days a talented half-back dropped out of International teams was because of his extraordinary behaviour on the platform of a Northern station one morning while the team was waiting for a train.

Playing in Spectacles.

J. F. Mitchell, the Preston North End amateur goalkeeper, is one of the very few custodians who wear spectacles on the field; but there are more who, like J. N. Crawford, play cricket in spectacles. I can recall Lilley, who used to play for one of the Sheffield clubs, and W. Perkins, who, I think, kept goal for Wellingboro' or Kettering in their Southern League days.

Lure of the Palace.

In the week when the Tottenham Hotspur F.C. celebrated their Cup Final success of last season, it is *apropos* to recall the names of the men who brought honours to the Spurs twenty years ago. They were: Clawley, Erentz, Tait, Morris, Hughes, Jones, Smith, Cameron, Brown, Copeland, and Kirwan.

Molyneux and Chelsea.

Club directors do not spend all their time smoking big cigars and looking comfortable; nor do they drop players out of sheer stupidity. I know the inner story of the Chelsea-Molyneux trouble, and I do feel the player was in the wrong. To all intents, he challenged the right of a club management to play the team it thinks fit. That sort of thing will not do.

Cause of the Trouble.

For reasons which will be obvious, I cannot give all the facts, but I think it is only fair to say Chelsea did not secure Howard Baker for any other reason that that Molyneux was suffering from temporary loss of form. To suggest any other reason is to accuse the Chelsea directors of childish spite.

Rutherford's Light Still Shines.

Last season one of England's International difficulties was lack of a capable outside left: This season, with Dorrell (Aston Villa) and Tunstall (Sheffield United) among others ready to step into Harrison's shoes, the trouble has shifted to centre-forward. There are many who believe—and I am with them—that Rutherford (Arsenal) is worth his place in an England side. It is 17 years since he got his first cap against Scotland, and 11 since he played in Newcastle's Cup team.

W. T. Tilden's Farewell.

W. T. Tilden says he is not coming over to Wimbledon next year to defend his title of world's lawn-tennis champion, and if he doesn't it is not extravagant odds against the successor to the title being a Jap—Zenizo Shimidzu. Whether or not Mlle. Susanne Lenglen decides to play again time alone will settle, but I hope Mrs. Mallory can be persuaded to come over from America. A definite decision by her might influence Suzanne to make up her mind.

Kid Lewis's Methods.

The Lewis-McCormick affair was a poor sort of show from a boxing point of view. McCormick had wretched luck in having a wound over his left eye opened, but he was not clever or strong enough to land a knock-out blow, and certainly he would never beat Lewis in a battle for points. Lewis did not cover himself with glory by his conduct of the contest—which is a pity, because he has the ability and strength to win with tactics above suspicion.

Carpentier May Not Box Again.

With every possible desire to avoid being an alarmist, I am afraid we have seen the last of Carpentier in the boxing-ring—as a principal, at any rate. The chill from which he suffered last week brought to light a trouble only remotely suspected—an internal injury sustained, it is believed, when he met Dempsey.

A Public Admission.

If Carpentier (whose picture I give) boxes George Cook, or anyone else in London or Paris for that matter, it will be strongly against the advice of his doctors. If the conference over the week-end in France—and I do not know the result at the time of writing—leads to a postponement of the Carpentier-Cook contest, as I feel sure it will, then I think we may take it as a public admission by Descamps and Carpentier that what I have suggested is true. I should be glad, however, to be convinced to the contrary.

Bright Deeds at Brighton.

That wonderful little man, Harry Preston, has arranged a great programme at the Dome, Brighton, for December 3, for the Sussex County Hospital and the Children's Hospital at Brighton. He wants to exceed last year's splendid total of £4,000, and there is no doubt he will do it. The bout in which Harry—an old amateur champion himself—meets François Descamps should alone be worth £4,000! The genial promoter says that, once for all, he is going to settle the question of Descamps' hypnotic eye!

Lewis's Next Opponent.

The date of the Roland Todd-Shoeing Smith Davies contest at the N.S.C. is December 19. The winner—and it should be Todd—ought to have no difficulty in being matched against Kid Lewis.

A Mixed Bag.

There was quite an epidemic of objections at the recent National Hunt Meeting at Hawthorn Hill. During the two days no fewer than four complaints were heard in the "objection room." The Stewards, however, quashed the lot.

Since his reinstatement to the ranks of National Hunt trainers, Tom Coulthwaite has shown that he is still a past-master in the art of preparing jumpers.

The two-year-old Joss-house is about the unluckiest horse that ever carried the King's colours. This season he has been placed six times in seven races without winning!

Neither of the University soccer, rugger, or hockey teams is this season up to standard.

A. C. Maclaren will probably take an amateur cricket team to New Zealand next season.

The slump in football gates has been so severe in the north of England among the lesser lights that some of the Northern Section clubs are in financial straits.

Warwick Armstrong did not play in the first two test matches in South Africa, and both games were drawn.

Lieut.-Col. W. S. D. Craven, the Army and Blackheath Rugby footballer, intends racing under N.H. rules this winter.

The date of the Oxford and Cambridge boat race has been definitely fixed as April 1.

All queries relating to sporting matters should be addressed to the Editor of the "Sporting Life," in which paper answers will be given.

£2,000 for TEN—NO ... ist be won—"SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED."

PEACE WITH HONO

The Hour of Destiny—Save the Truce—The P

By THE EDI

I THINK it is time we had a chat about the Irish question. Poor old Ireland! Ever since I can remember, she has been the "Aunt Sally" of British politics, the recipient of an uncomfortable mixture of kicks and ha'pence, neither of which has had the effect of removing her age-long grievances. Naturally, I am anxious to retain the respect of my readers, who in the past have trusted me as their political guide, and I therefore desire to state with the utmost frankness the considerations which determine my attitude in the present crisis. When the British Empire was at death-grips with the foreign foe I was among the "Die-Hards"—firm for a fight to the finish and a stern settlement that could not serve as the seed-plot of future strife. But the war against Germany was a vastly different matter from this trouble with Ireland. I cannot bring myself to regard the most fanatical Sinn Feiner in the light of an enemy alien, nor do I believe there are more than a handful of Irishmen who lack the sense of kinship with those whom political malice has taught them to regard as their "hereditary oppressors." Put an Englishman and an Irishman together in a railway carriage, ignorant of each other's politics, meeting simply on the plane of social intercourse, and nine times out of ten they will hit it together famously—exchanging none but the friendliest sentiments. This we know.

A Family Quarrel.

Yes, the Irishman here is always a popular figure, famed for his genial humour and for a kindliness of temperament that no political differences can dispel. It is the political Irishman who plays the devil with our friendly relations. When it comes to an argument about ancient wrongs and modern remedies, the warm-hearted fellow we knew in social life seems to be possessed of seven demons—every one of them thirsty for the blood of an Englishman. What a tragedy it is, to be sure! We must end it. The politician has a great responsibility which only cowardice can evade. I I think I know the mind of the Prime Minister, and I can imagine how he has wrestled with himself over this problem since first he was called upon to grapple with the machinations of Sinn Fein. Strong the temptation must have been at times to refuse to parley with "traitors," and to call up the military resources of the Empire for a last terrific onslaught upon the rebel organisation. And then I can imagine his mind going back to his own native country, to "gallant little Wales," not always the loyal and contented partner in the affairs of the United Kingdom that she is to-day; and he may have wondered whether "traitors" was quite the word to apply to men who—however mistakenly—were fighting and dying for the land that gave them birth. This is the central tragedy. Now let us look at the other side.

"Toll for the Brave."

The records of Sinn Fein are stained with crime—black, treacherous, unforgivable. No patriot can deny it. And yet no sooner have I written this than the blood-red word "Reprisals" looms before my eyes, and I see a vista of blazing homesteads, ruined villages, and wasted fields, which serve at least to remind us that not all the cruelties have been on one side. So it comes to asking. Who began it? And when this point is reached, we have passed out of the stage of useful controversy. Besides, we should have to ransack the centuries to find out. Far better end it out of hand and add fresh laurels to the chaplet of Britain's fame. Nothing we can do now will bring back the dead. The Sinn Fein movement may have contained criminals—as most revolutionary movements do—but it has numbered also within its ranks pure-hearted idealists who have imagined that to die for Ireland was an honour, nobler than anything that earth held. There have been boys who have gone to the scaffold, or faced death at the mouth of the rifle, with no name but that of Ireland on their lips and no thought in their hearts but that some day she would be "free." There have been English lads, too—many of them—who have laid down their lives just as cheerfully in the cause of King and Empire, believing firmly that in so doing they were obeying the highest call of patriotism. Well, I say the wretched tragedy must end. There must be no more ruthless sacrifice of precious lives, no further waste of blood and treasure. The Armistice which has brought some surcease of Ireland's miseries must be converted into a veritable Truce of God and cemented into the durable fabric of Peace. It will be nothing short of an outrage if military operations on the grand scale are ever resumed, and the blunder that makes it possible will rank in history with the worst of crimes. I am glad the good sense of the historic Conservative Party has led them to resist the counsels of the "Die-Hards" and throw in their lot with the Prime Minister in a final effort to pour the balm of healing into Ireland's bleeding wounds. Such wisdom brings its own reward.

The Case of Ulster.

Any other decision would have split the Party and alienated the sympathies of the British people for years to come. The time to pronounce finally upon the Government's policy will arrive when the actual details of a proposed settlement are submitted to the House of Commons. To condemn the negotiations at this stage, and to break up the Irish Conference, would be to "plump" for war instead of peace. For this insensate policy none but a fraction of the British electorate would stand. I am old enough to remember well the battle that raged around the first Home Rule Bill, and I recall a phrase of Lord Randolph Churchill's which afterwards became historic: "Ulster will fight, and Ulster will be right." But that was a very long while ago, and in the meantime there has been a vast change in the situation. So many things have happened, and in the light of the latest developments there is really very little left to fight about—nothing that would excuse the crime of fraticide or palliate the horrors of civil war. That Ulster can never be

If they'd only go for the snake like that, w

ONOUR IN IRELAND.

—The Path of Sanity If the Conference Fails.

THE EDITOR.

coerced, and that the present Government would never attempt to force her into an arrangement that she abhorred, goes without saying; but, on the other hand, it has to be remembered that the Sinn Fein delegates have accepted the principle of allegiance to the British Crown on certain conditions, and after this it will be extremely difficult if not impossible for any Government to apply coercion to Southern Ireland. I have no space to canvass in detail the various suggestions that have been put forward, but it will be, to my mind, a profound calamity for the province itself and the Empire at large if Ulster cannot see her way to accept an adequately protected status under some form or other of Dominion Government. Largely, of course, it is a religious problem. There's the rub.

The Conflict of Creeds.

For it is as difficult to argue with a man who, upon the slightest provocation, shouts "To Hell with the Pope!" as it is to parley with a Southern Irishman who, on any and every pretext—or none at all—recalls the massacres of Cromwell and other crimes of the past which in any country but Ireland would have been forgiven and forgotten. Still, I am hopeful that the Conference may yet find a way out of the jungle of racial and religious strife, and that the dream of a united Ireland may soon be realised. The thing to guard against is the breakdown of negotiations and the resumption of hostilities which would bitterly aggravate a situation already bristling with difficulties. I have never been a slavish admirer of the Prime Minister, but I feel that we can at least trust him to this extent: that he will never betray the paramount interests of the British Empire for the sake of a passing political triumph. The Little Welshman has his faults, but with his record of war service fresh in our memories we can hardly accuse him of lack of patriotism. The essential interests of the Empire are safe in his hands.

like that, we'd soon have peace in Ireland.

If the Conference Fails.

There is, of course, a further possibility to be remembered—namely, that in spite of every effort the Conference may break down and no settlement be reached. What then? Well, I fall back upon a suggestion that I advanced in these columns a good many months ago, and I still think that, in the last resort, it may provide the clue to an otherwise insoluble problem. As I have said all along, there are really two Irelands, the British Ireland—which for practical purposes is North East Ulster—and the Irish nation shut up within the boundaries of the South and West. I am not without hope that, with a reasonable measure of good will on either side, it may yet be possible to accommodate this duality of interests within the confines of the Empire; but if this feat should prove impossible, there is still a solution apart from the terrible agency of civil war. Leaving aside the horror of it, the task of re-subduing Southern Ireland would tax our military resources to the utmost. I am not certain that we could attempt such an enterprise without exposing ourselves to the gravest possible risks in other directions. It would mean weakening our military strength throughout the world and opening the loose joints in our armour to the shafts of treason. I have talked over the question with those who are best qualified to form an opinion, and I doubt very much whether the job could be tackled successfully with an army of less than 200,000 men—which would take some finding if we are to avoid depleting our existing overseas garrisons. The position would, in any case, be critical in the extreme. The emergency of England would be the opportunity of her enemies in all parts of the world. Among the sedition-mongers in India, whose widespread activities can no longer be concealed, the cry would be "Now or never!" In Asia Minor and elsewhere in the Turkish Empire it would be the same. The Arabs in Palestine and Mesopotamia—who are already beginning to nurse "grievances" of their own—would see their chance and seize it. There is also a pack of gentry called the Russian Bolsheviks. Just think what it all means.

The Path of Sanity.

We do not want a war in Ireland, and we could not afford one if we did. Those of us whose memories can take us back to the South African War will remember what guerilla warfare means when pursued by an implacable foe with a full knowledge of the terrain over which he is fighting and a friendly countryside at his back. Better by far blot such a possibility out of the account. I suggest that if the Sinn Feiners will not come to terms they should be released from the Empire and left to find their own salvation. To hold the frontier of Ulster against molestation from the South would be a far simpler and less costly matter from the military standpoint than to attempt the re-conquest of the Sinn Fein part of the country. It would, I am advised, be an entirely feasible proposition without unduly disturbing the distribution of our military strength—and, moreover, if Ulster needs protection she must have it, of course, at any cost. As for the Sinn Feiners, they would, I believe, if left to their own devices, soon sink to a depth of misery and privation of which at present they have no conception; but that—if they refused to come into an Imperial settlement on generous terms, entirely compatible with every sane notion of freedom—is their "funeral," so to speak, and need not unduly disturb us. Probably before very long they would be knocking at our doors and asking for re-admittance, and we should then have the supreme felicity of exclaiming "We told you so," and, after that, letting them in if we chose on terms of our own devising. As regards the small Loyalist minority in the South and West, arrangements might be made for their migration into Ulster. I see no other way, if the Conference breaks down. But that "If" is a big one, and there has been no breakdown yet, anyway. So, for this once—and while strictly reserving my right to criticise him in the future as I have done in the past—I say: "Good luck to the Prime Minister, and more power to his arm!"

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MAJOR GWILYM LLOYD GEORGE.

"COME in, young man. Wot can I do for *you*? . . . *Shavin'*? Cert'n'y — although I must say, though it's against me professional interests to do so, thet a youngster like you oughter take a pride in shavin' 'isself. P'raps you do. P'raps this is jest a exceptional case? . . . Ah. I thought that was very likely. . . . Do you 'appen to be Welsh, sir? Blest if I didn't think so: I jest caught the accent. Not as you've got much of it, but jest enough to give you away to anyone with a quick ear and a knowledge of twangs. . . . Bin in London before, sir? . . . Oh, indeed? Your father's got a n'ouse 'ere, 'as 'e? Wot part o' London might it be? . . . Eh? *Downin'* Street? Well, there cert'n'y *is* a Welshman wot lives in Downin' Street—a little Welshman wot some people would rawther see livin' anyw'eres but there—Lloyd George by name. . . .

* * *

You mean ter tell me you're the Prime Minister's son? Well, I'm 'appy to know you. As it 'appens, I was readin' somethink about you in the papers the other day—somethink about you goin' to stand for a Welsh seat, with the idea, I take it, of follerin' in father's footsteps, follerin' the dear ole dad. Well, I wish yer luck. In fac', I think it sed as you 'ad bin provisionally adopted as candidate for Pembrokeshire—so as to save the seat for Liberalism. I don't know as it's so bloomin' important to save thet pertickler seat for Liberalism rawther than any other ism—barrin' Bolshevism. But, o' course, you Party politicians always seem to think no opinions is so important as your own—w'ich, I don't mind telling yer, more orfen then not is a mistake. 'Owever, I was interested in wot you sed. You seem to 'ave made quite a tidy speech for a youngster at the game. But you rawther begged the question w'en you sed you was a Liberal becos you believed in liberty, an' becos you was the son o' your father. I don't hold a brief for no pertickler Party, but I must say I've seen mighty little liberty connected with official Liberalism. Some o' the Liberals o' the parst, wot I've got in me mind, never seemed 'appy on'y w'en they was passin' some Bill or another to restric' the liberty o' the subjec'. Look at the 'Ealth Inshorance Act, f'rinstance—compellin' workers to pay out their coppers every week, against their will, and for nex' to no benefit!

* * *

As for you bein' a Liberal becos you're the son o' your father—well, it sounds nice an' sentimental an' orl thet, but it ain't a really sound argument, is it? If we all 'eld the same political views wot our fathers done, the world wouldn't make much progress, would it? My father was a red-'ot Tory wot thort nothink could be too bad for Gladstone, an' until I begun to think for meself I was inclined to agree with 'im. But I don't now. Not thet I've got much to say in praise of the Grand Ole Man, as they useter call him, but becos I see excess in any political views is silly because it's extreme. . . . 'Any'ow, young man, I wish you luck. 'Oo knows?—p'raps you'll be Prime Minister yourself some day—although I don't quite see w'y Welshmen should always git all the fat. . . . 'Ow will thet suit you, sir? . . . Thank you; I'm very much obliged. Goo'-day, Major!

EXTRA TURNS.

BY PUBLIC PATTERERS.

LORD ROBERT CECIL.

The Cecils were in days of old
  The backbone of the Realm,
And we surviving Cecils yet
  Would like to overwhelm!
Because our dad Lord Salisbury was,
  We think all should agree
That every Bill before it's passed
  Needs our authority!
But though of noble lineage, still
  We democratic are,
And shake the hands of Tom or Bill—
  Survivors of the War!

PATTER: Yes; that's the wonderful point about us—me especially. You've no idea how democratic I am! You'd hardly believe it I tell you, when an aristocrat—and a real blue-blooded one at that—condescends to the democratic, he knows what he is doing. Now, look at me. . . . Oh, I know I'm no beauty to look at, but I've got the brains. The grey matter is here—right here. Well, what have I done? I'll tell you. You see, I represent Hitchin in the House of Commons. Very well, then. There is a General Election approaching. I shall have to fight for my seat again. But do you think I'm going to wait for the contest before I get to work? Not much! I'm at it now! I've got an idea: so far as possible, I'm going to give the platform and the Press a miss in baulk. There are probably one or two, if not more, Hitchin electors amongst the audience. Well, I invite them to mount the stage. You see these armchairs? I've got 'em for a purpose. I want you to make yourselves comfortable in them. I want you to come right up here and tell me all about your doubts and fears and difficulties. Nothing that you may say will ever be brought up in evidence against you. You can rely on the discretion of a Cecil. I know some of my former supporters don't like the attitude I have adopted with respect to Viscount Grey. They are opposed to the idea of my co-operating with him. That is narrow. But that is why I've bought these armchairs—for a heart-to-heart talk. When I'm on the public platform you can heckle me; but I don't think any of you would be rude enough to heckle me from one of my own armchairs! See the point? Brilliant, isn't it? Is it conceivable that any guest of mine, seated on my own leather, would venture to question me on my work as Minister for Blockade during the War? It is unthinkable. And that's where I'm safe. Then there's the subject of the League of Nations. Of course, everybody knows I'm a whole-hogger in that direction. But can you imagine a disputant constituent taking me up on that while his legs are stretched in front of my fire? Never! The subtle flattery of my plan will do its work. It is only to a Cecil that an idea like this could occur; for

We Cecils were, in olden times,
  The backbone of the Nation,
And we're determined to preserve
  The prestige of our station!
But more insidious methods we
  Can see these times demand—
That's why I'll ask you all to tea
  And shake you by the hand!

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"KENTISH INDEPENDENT":—"The Chief RABBIT has circulated a prayer to be recited at all Jewish congregations to-morrow."

"KILMARNOCK STANDARD" (advertisement):—"9 Pure-Bred Buff Rock Cockerels . . . good stock birds, ABOUT 30 CWT."

"EASTERN DAILY PRESS" (advertisement):—"FARMERS' SACKS, COAL BAGS, Marquees ON HIRE FOR WEDDINGS."

WELSHPOOL AND DISTRICT FUR AND FEATHER SOCIETY (schedule):—"Exhibits in Open Pigeon Classes . . . 5s. to Best COCK HEN in Show."

"DAILY MAIL" (serial):—"For hours he lay awake LISTENING to the UTTER SILENCE."

"ORMSKIRK ADVERTISER":—"Police Sergeant —— . . . commanded the esteem and respect of all, even the law-breakers, and he goes into his well-earned retirement with the good wishes of a host of FIENDS."

"PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS" (advertisement):—"PIANO for immediate disposal . . . REMOVED FROM A LADY IN DIFFICULTIES."

"BELFAST NEWS-LETTER" (advertisement):—"Gent's Indigo Botany Wool Serge . . . 3½ YARDS SUFFICIENT FOR SUIT OR COSTUME."

A GOOD SHARE-OUT.

RESULT OF TWELFTH FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

The venue of one of the matches, Newport *v.* Merthyr, was altered after going to press. In these circumstances, in accordance with Rule 2, the fixture was disregarded. The following 28 competitors each sent a coupon containing a correct forecast of the remaining nine matches played on November 12th, and therefore share the prize of £1,000, each receiving £35 14s. 4d.!

Allison, W., East Field House, Hepscott, Morpeth; Backshall, F. J., 37, Hartington Rd., Ealing; Banks, R. G., 75, Liverpool Rd., Watford; Barstow, G., Kings Court Lane, Nr. Stroud; Boxall, J., Lidlow Mead, Nr. Reigate; Bradshaw, W., 156, Batterby Lane, Warrington; Brennan, A., 48, Broomhill St., Port Dundas, Glasgow; Brewerton, T. A., 45, Market St., Atherton, Lancs.; Charlesworth, W., Earlybank Cott., Wood Rd., Stalybridge; Clark, F., 5, Queen St., Portsea; Cole, J., 5, Millbrook Rd., Bedford; Cotten, F., 384, Southampton Rd., Eastleigh; Craddock, J. R., 18, Stone St., Oldbury, Birmingham; Dale, H. R., 16, Aigburth Av., St. Georges Rd., Hull; Dash, V., 27, Anns Hill Rd., Gosport; Fargnoli, L., 585, Dumbarton Rd., Partick, Glasgow; Gates, R., 69, Bath St., Gravesend; Johnson, J., 78, Gaskell St., Newton Heath, Manchester; Lockyer, D., The Stores, West Moor, Nr. Wimborne; McKay, J., 23, Bruce St., Greenock; Macpherson, R., 84, Union Grove, Aberdeen; Pickett, G., "Comrie," Franklynn Rd., Haywards Heath; Russell, J., 23, New St., Irvine, N.B.; Stacey, F., 39, Seal St., Easton, Bristol; Stephens, J., 16, Duckworth Rd., Exeter; Summercales, F., 79, Victoria St., Bradford, Yorks; Wilson, W., 18, Hard Lane, St. Helens; Young, F. G., 12, Boyer St., Loughborough.

Competitors should note that this is the last week of our world's record prize of £2,000 for only ten results, so send in your coupons without delay.

OUR ADVERTISEMENT COLUMNS.

With the near approach of Christmas—the greatest money-spending time of the year—the announcements appearing in our columns are of more than usual interest. All goods advertised are covered by the JOHN BULL Guarantee which appears on page 17. A few items of interest are:—

Messrs Carreras, Ltd., are giving beautiful satin pictures in exchange for front panels of Black Cat Cigarettes.

The Direct Supply Leather Co., Ltd., are offering ladies' shoes at 7s. 6d. per pair.

The Direct Fish Supplies, Ltd., Coal Dept., sell bright house coal at 49s. a ton.

Warm winter bedding for 30s. is supplied by Harrill's Stores.

Many other interesting offers are made by our advertisers, some of which will be found in the "Small Ads. Worth Watching" on page 17.

All the news reflected in picture and story in "SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED."

N.B. Cut out this Coupon—it is worth 1/- to YOU

A 9688 — 93 Long Acre London WC — Xmas 1921

This Coupon entitles the holder to a "John Bull" Pen at the special rates set out below and is equivalent in value to **One Shilling.**

Only one coupon will be taken in part payment for each pen and for the "John Bull" Razor, and is available to December 31st 1921

£ 0-1-0 Signed. The Manager

Every Pen is Guaranteed.

John Bull's sensational Double Christmas Gift

This year you have an opportunity of taking advantage of the most generous Christmas Gift "John Bull" has ever made to its readers. In the right hand top corner of this page is a Gift Coupon, value *one shilling*, which will be accepted in part payment of any "John Bull" Pen reproduced on this page and "John Bull" Razor on next page. Below, we are making the sensational offer of 50,000 10/6 Standard Model "John Bull" Pens FREE.

		Price.	With Xmas Gift Coupon.
No. 1	**"STANDARD" MODEL.**—Thoroughly useful and reliable. Fitted with a 14-ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped. WORTH 10/6!	3/-	2/-
No. 2	**"DE LUXE" MODEL.**—Made of hand-cut vulcanite, handsomely chased, and fitted with a 14-ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped.	4/3	3/3
No. 3	**"SAFETY" MODEL.**—Special line—when closed the nib section is drawn into the ink barrel and the pen can be safely carried in any position. Fitted with 14-ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped.	6/-	5/-
No. 4	**"SCREW CAP" MODEL.**—Fitted with safety screw cap and heavy 14-ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped. Holds a good quantity of ink.	7/-	6/-
No. 5	**"LEVER SELF-FILLING" MODEL.**—Beautifully modelled, and embodies a new lever self filling device. It is fitted with a safety screw cap and a heavy 14-ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped. WORTH 17/6!	8/9	7/9
No. 6	**"SCREW CAP" BABY MODEL.**—For the waistcoat pocket or ladies' handbag. Fitted with safety screw cap and 14-ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped.	4/9	3/9

Postage and Insurance on each pen, 3d.

This offer applies to readers in the British Isles only.

Don't miss our Amazing Gift Offer below of 50,000 Half-Guinea Pens FREE.

"JOHN BULL" PEN DEPT., LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. 2.

Delivery of every pen is guaranteed by "John Bull." Readers may take advantage of either or both of our Christmas offers and may use extra coupons.

A touch of the lever and the pen is filled.

This is the 10/6 Pen which we offer FREE.

This is our famous 8/9 Self-Filling Lever Model.

50,000 Half-Guinea PENS FREE!

"John Bull" offers you the best solution of the Christmas Gift Problem—two presents for less than the price of one.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON

Great Christmas Offer.

Here is "John Bull's" Great Christmas Surprise! 50,000 Standard Model Pens, admittedly worth 10/6 each, have been set aside for FREE Presentation to purchasers of the 8/9 Lever Self-filling Model Fountain Pen. This lever self-filling model Pen is in itself amazing value, being guaranteed for 10 years and equal in every respect to similar pens usually sold at 17/6. It has been aptly termed the "King of Pens."

This Great Offer is strictly limited to 50,000 FREE PENS. Don't let the opportunity slip by.

Fill in the Coupon *at once* and post it with P.O. for 8/9 (plus 3d. for postage and insurance), and the two pens will be yours by return.

FREE GIFT COUPON

To The Manager,
"John Bull" Pen Department,
87, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I enclose Cheque/P.O. for 9/-

Please send by Insured Post a "John Bull" Self-filling Model Pen together with FREE Christmas Gift of Standard Model Pen. I require Fine, Medium or Broad ..... Nibs.

(Strike out words not applicable.)

Name* .....

Address .....

Date.....

N.B.—The Xmas Gift Coupon above is not available with the FREE offer.

Write in BLOCK letters.

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE:—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged or unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"If" they Listen:—If the O.C. 4th Batt. Rifle Brigade at Quetta and his messing officer have a chat with the men of the command they will hear something that will make them think, and that will probably result in the gastronomic harmony of the battalion.

One of the Farces:—Bayonet scabbards are issued black; but some O.C.s do not like that, and order them to be burnished. Then a "brass-cap" inspects the men and orders the scabbards to be blacked again at the expense of 3s. 6d. to each soldier. And so the farces multiply.

Be Kind to them:—We take the opportunity to suggest that our Service patients now in hospital who are fit to travel should be granted a few days' leave at Christmas to visit their homes—with free railway warrants. Having read the nice things said of our soldiers on Armistice Day, the public will agree that they deserve it.

Rhino on the Rhine:—Tommy with the Army of the Rhine is paid at the rate of 685 marks to the £; the N.A.A.F.I., from whom he is compelled to make his purchases, charge him 960 marks to the £. And the Institute is supposed to exist for the benefit of the fighting man! We will hear of another canteen surplus later on.

Jack's Medals:—War medals are now ready for issue to officers and men of the Naval forces who are entitled to the 1914 or 1914-15 Star, except those whose surnames commence with the letters B, H, or W. Applications should be made to the Accountant-General, Cornwall House, Stamford Street, S.E. 1.

The Native and Tommy:—If the native traders in Palestine read JOHN BULL, we appeal to them to deal fairly with their protector, Tommy—who is not too well paid, and whose purse is drained by their extortionate charges.

Jack's Money:—Prize bounty is ready for distribution for the destruction of the following German submarines:—U.B. 3, by H.M. drifters *E.E.S.* and *Gleaner of the Sea*; U.B. 63 by H.M. trawler *W. S. Bailey*; U. 85 by H.M.S. *Q. 19*; and U.B. 85 by H.M. drifter *Corcopsis II.*

On Behalf of Jack:—When the King's sailor returns from foreign service it is the custom to send him to a home billet, but little regard is paid to his family's place of residence. Thus Portsmouth or Devonport men are frequently sent to Scotland or some other distant station, with the result that they have to pay stiff railway fares when on leave. Something might be said for the granting of free or reduced-fare travelling warrants in the circumstances.

Our Daily "Thank You":—From A. S., Barnsbury: "I wrote to you respecting my late husband, whose death was brought about by service. I beg to thank you for your assistance, which has resulted in my obtaining a pension of 48s. 7d. a week."

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary at 98, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE.

PATHETIC CASE OF RESPECTABLE POVERTY.

It is not as common for acute poverty to exist in a country town, where the circumstances of each may be said to be known to all, as in more congested centres, which lend themselves to the concealment of distress. It is, therefore, surprising to find in the Sussex town of Horsham, an agricultural centre of some importance, a case of poverty of the most poignant character. Our attention was drawn to a statement to the effect that a Horsham mother had, as a last resource, sacrificed her hair in order to buy her children bread. This appeared to us manifestly a case for inquiry and prompt assistance, and we at once took the necessary steps. We found that the object of our solicitude was the young mother (age 30) of four children, living with her husband in one of Horsham's new model dwellings at an inclusive rent of about 15s. a week. The husband—a brickmaker—long out of employ in consequence of the protracted drought, had only three or four days previously returned to his old job; but the long period of enforced idleness which he had passed through had brought the little family to the very brink of disaster, from which they had been saved as much by the kindness of the local police as by the gifts of the charitable public.

DEBT.

Through that grim time of waiting, while her husband was out of work, the poor young mother had been compelled to sacrifice, piece by piece, practically the whole of their little home, her supreme anxiety having been to provide her children with sufficient food and clothing. Finally, the desperate idea of cutting off and selling her hair—of which she was justly proud—occurred to her. Without one selfish regret, she put her heroic idea into execution. It is a pity she did not pause a little longer, for her circumstances were about to change slightly for the better. The break of the long drought provided her husband with the opportunity to return to work; but, although he would be earning fair wages, the weight of accumulated debt, incurred of sheer necessity, threatened to cripple the little family for months. One, if not more, of the household bills has been generously paid by the police, and we ourselves have been prompt in sending substantial assistance to supplement local efforts on their behalf. That the case is a most worthy one we can declare with the utmost certitude. Although the little home was pitifully bare, our investigator found the children scrupulously clean, warmly clad, and well nourished. The plight of the poor mother was a painful contrast. Spotless in her person, she yet betrayed distressing signs of acute poverty—amongst which the bitter significance of her cropped hair could not be hid. If ever there was a case of undeserved poverty meriting generous assistance, this is one. We have done our best.

"SOMETHING ACCOMPLISHED."

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

A Genuine Sufferer.—Gassed, wounded, and frost-bitten, a Tommy is out now with no pension and no work, but his wife has presented him with a baby. We believed the honest fellow when he assured us that it went against the grain to beg.

Half-a-Crown for a Week.—Another ex-soldier who has not found work for over a year, returned to his wife and children from the Labour Exchange with 2s. 6d. to last for the week. His ex-chaplain, who knew him in the field, wrote to us—"Cases such as this on Armistice Day are enough to break one's heart." We quite agree with him.

An Old Soldier.—Yet another served for us in various countries with the old Army, and afterwards fought in the late war. He is now "out," has a wife who is ill, had no food when he came to us, owed rent, and was threatened with eviction.

A Poor Pedlar.—A woman with three young children struggles to keep the family by peddling. She has a licence, but owing to illness has run out of stock. We provided it—and added something.

Even Worse.—Another woman has an invalid husband and a trio of youngsters. She works as a hawker without a licence, and was in constant fear that the police would "take her inside" for the offence. The family lived on dry crusts given them by their kindly neighbours.

How they Suffer.—A workless husband, a wife recently confined, and seven helpless children—two ill! Most of us have something to be thankful for.

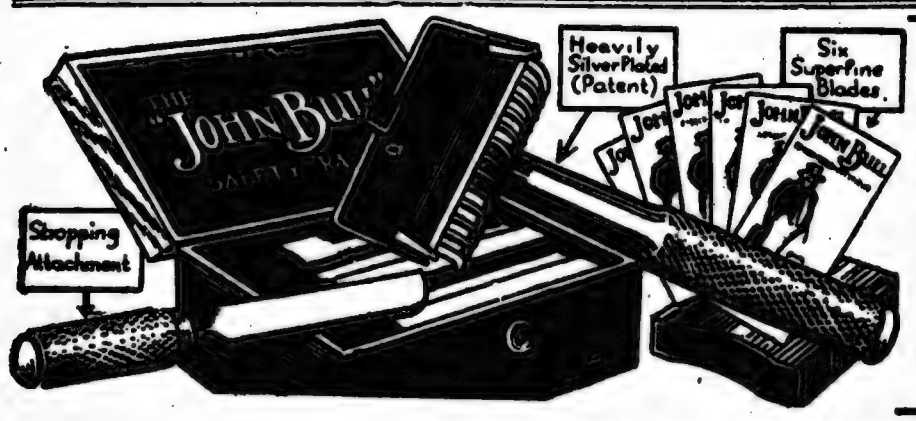
Once More, the "Arrivals":—Our supporters have been so invariably good to us that we cannot understand the small answers to our appeal on behalf of the children born to our distressed poor. The unfortunate little ones frequently arrive, and in their infantile way seem to remark to the mother, "Have you no kit to wrap me in?" Poor mothers! Before the event they were starving and had no means to provide kit. Will you help us in this matter? The need is great—very great. Will you, out of your kindness, enable us to give aid to those poor little kiddies who have arrived, not to brighten, but to make more distressed and desolate the homes of our helpless poor? And the Bishop of London still shouts out, "It is your duty to increase the population!"

WITH MANY THANKS.

"Perdu" (Charlton), £1; E. S. (Brandlecorner), 1s.; S. S. (Liverpool), 3s. 10d.; "Kirriemuir," £1; "H." (Kempston), 2s.; "Old Bina," 2s. 6d.; F. C. (Camden Square), 5s.; "Khaberley," 4s. 6d.; Anon, 1s. 4d.; H. R. (Durban), £5; "Trilby" (Southampton), 5s.; "S. Londonderry," 4s.; "Jeanette" (Scotland), 1s.; Anon, 4d.; A. J. P. (Hong Kong), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. P. (Surbiton), 4s.; C. E. G. (Edmonton), 1s.; Anon (Liverpool), 1s. 6d.; E. M. (Wandsworth), 2s.; R. W. (Eastbourne), 2s. 6d.; "Jule," 2s. 6d.; E. D. (Wimbledon), 2s. 6d. and parcel; Mrs. M. D. F., 6d.; W. B. (Walton-le-Dale), 2s. 6d.; J. B. M. (Craigie), 1s.; "Salopian," 4s.; "Whizz Bang" (Plymouth), 1s.; "In Loving Memory of Frank and Henry," 10s.; W. O., 1s.; Anon (Newcastle-on-Tyne), 1s. 2d.; Mrs. L. D. (Fenton), 1s.; M. S. (Wareham), 1s. and parcel; "Hertfordian" (Rhodesia), 10s.; Sergt. W. G. H. (Mesopotamia), 7s. 10d.; G. G. D. (Boston, Mass.), 2s.; "In Loving Memory of Rena," 5s.; E. S., 6d.; H. G. W. (Assington), 1s.; V. E. S. (Friston), 2s. 6d.; "A Constant Reader of JOHN BULL," 10s.; "W.," £1; H. G. (Perth), 1s. 6d.; M. M. J., 2s.; F. M. (S. Reddish), 2s.; J. L., 1s.; R. L. R., 6d.; "In Memory of H. C." (Constantinople), 2s. 6d.; "An Armistice Offering" (Merton), 10s.; "Tom," 1s.; A. S. (Pontefract), 3s.; R. F., 2s. 6d.; "In Loving Memory of Our Dear Lord's Birthday" (Guildford), 5s.; Pte. C. R. P. (Hinaidi), 2s. 4d.; A. M. H., 5s.; Mrs. R. S. (Winchester), 3s.; E. M. W. (Lincoln), 2s. 6d.; "In Thankfulness," 2s. 6d.; "Buckaboo" (Llandudno), 1s.; A. S. (Niagara Falls), 1 dollar.

Mr. H. Middleton, the winner of £500 in our tenth Football Competition, has kindly sent us £10.

Is YOUR Gift here?



Our Great Safety Razor Gift Offer The "JOHN BULL" Safety Razor is a perfect masterpiece of efficiency and value, and nothing better can be secured at any price.

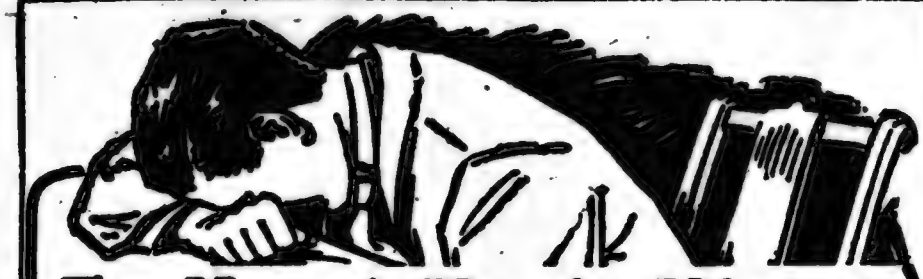
Try it for a month. If you are not fully satisfied your money will be gladly refunded.

"John Bull" Razor, including 6 blades and stropping attachment. **Price 5/-**

With Xmas Gift Coupon **4/-** Postage 4d.

N.B.—Turn back to page 13 for the Gift Coupon.

50,000 Half-guinea Pens Free.—See Page 13.



Ex-Naval Man's Misery

Ended By Wonderful Zam-Buk Cure.

AS a result of riding bareback on horses I got piles," writes Mr. W. A. Coe, of Cemetery Road, Ixworth, Suffolk.

"The burning irritation and shooting pains were terrible, and at times it was agony to sit or lie down. Whilst I was in the Navy my piles began troubling me again, so the surgeon operated on me but without success.

"When I was discharged from the Navy I was still suffering from piles. After reading about Zam-Buk in the newspaper I sent for a box. This herbal balm gave me instant relief. As I continued the Zam-Buk treatment, the inflammation and shooting pains became less troublesome. I am now free from pain and, thanks to Zam-Buk, the piles have been completely banished."

Zam-Buk The Soothing Herbal Cure

Of all Chemists. Be sure you get Zam-Buk.

Think how a good Gramophone will delight you and help to entertain your friends.

Specification.

Latest hornless pattern (an improvement on the old-fashioned horn type in sound, appearance and portability). Highly polished Solid Oak Cabinet, approximately 10 inches high by 14 inches square. Baize covered 10-inch turntable with nickel-plated edge, will take up to 12-inch Record; nickel-plated tone arm, starting lever, speed regulator and handle. British made "Excello-de-luxe" sound box (exceptionally distinct reproducer). Powerful silent running motor made of finest steel, very reliable and strong.

THIS HIGH GRADE BRITISH GRAMOPHONE for 39/6

Amazing response to our offer—14 days' extension of SPECIAL FREE GIFTS to "John Bull" readers.

HERE is the most amazing Gramophone bargain ever offered to "John Bull" readers. For the sensationally low price of 39/6, you can secure one of the famous "EXCELLO" Gramophones, together with FREE GIFT of 200 needles & FREE Record Album providing the Coupon below is sent in within 14 days. The "EXCELLO" Gramophone is beautifully finished in every detail—and, for purity and richness of tone, the sound equals that of a 20-guinea instrument.

Send the Coupon below to-day together with 39/6, plus 4/6 for carriage and packing, and this wonderful Gramophone bargain and free gift of 200 needles will be yours by return. You run no risk. This offer is covered by the "J.B." guarantee.

Illustrated Art Catalogue sent free on request.

N.B.—We do not give away cheap records as an inducement to purchase, but can include 6 selections (new and up-to-date Records) for 7/6 extra.

EXTENSION of SPECIAL FREE GIFTS of Record Albums to "J.B." Readers.

On all orders received up to the first post on December 8th we will include with the "EXCELLO" Gramophone a FREE gift of a handsome Record Album. Each Album (value 7/6), is artistically gold-designed and will hold 12 Records.

FILL THIS COUPON TO-DAY

Read this Testimonial—

J. Bristow, of Millers Dale, Derbyshire: *I received the gramophone quite safely. I am sure I could not get one elsewhere for double the money.*

The above is one of numerous similar letters which may be seen on our files.

MONEY REFUNDED IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED.

INSPECTION AT SHOWROOMS CORDIALLY INVITED Open 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. daily.

CUT HERE

To Excello Gramophone Co. (Dept. J.B.), 52/54, Hampstead Road, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

1. *Please send Free Illustrated Catalogue.
2. *I enclose cheque/P.O. for 44/- *(plus 7/6 extra for records).

Please forward to the address below one "EXCELLO" Gramophone and 200 needles FREE, together with a special FREE GIFT of Record Album.

* *Strike out if not applicable.*

Name.....

Address.....

Date.....

Free Gift available up to the first post 8-12-21.

From an Actual Photograph

WARM WINTER BEDDING 50/- BALE FOR 30/-

HARRILL'S STORES, of Manchester, "the Largest British Bedding Firm in the World," are this week offering a wonderful 50/- Bale of WINTER BEDDING for **30/-** (nothing more to pay). This Bale is being sold to-day elsewhere at 50-/.

IT CONTAINS ALL THE FOLLOWING HIGH-CLASS GOODS:

ONE PAIR OF LANCASHIRE TREBLE-WOVEN GENUINE ROSSENDALE VALLEY TWILL SHEETS, pure from the loom, size 70 x 90.
ONE HEAVY SNOWY WHITE WOOLLY BLANKET, whipped and bordered, size 68 x 88.
ONE HEAVY SILVER-GREY HEATHER COLOURED BLANKET raised and bordered, size 60 x 80.
TWO PURE WHITE BLEACHED LONGCLOTH PILLOW CASES, size 30 x 18.
ONE LARGE SIZE BLEACHED LONGCLOTH BOLSTER CASE, size 36 x 18.
ONE MAGNIFICENT ART BEDSPREAD, in Floral Design, size 70 x 80.

All Bedding for Double Size Beds.

WE PAY CARRIAGE.

Cut out this advertisement and compare the above list of goods with those of competitors, who seldom give sizes of bedding.

FREE RUG

Everybody enclosing this advertisement with order will receive FREE, as special discount, a Magnificent "EMPRESS" Hearthrug, in Crimson, Blue, and Green, Old Gold coloured fringe Size 27 x 54.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY INSTANTLY REFUNDED.

Treasury Notes must be sent by Registered Post. Postal Orders and Cheques should be crossed & Co. and made payable to Harrill's Stores, Manchester.

These goods may be seen and inspected at all Harrill's shops. Send your order to-day, enclosing remittance for 30 -, to:

HARRILL'S STORES,

"The World's Manufacturing Drapers,"

STRETFORD ROAD :: :: :: MANCHESTER.

All correspondence relating to financial matters should be addressed to the City Editor.

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

By OUR CITY EDITOR

Each enquiry must bear name and address and be accompanied by a Postal Order for One Shilling.

Markets and Washington.

The stock markets, like the curate's egg, are good in places. There are cheerful opportunities in several directions, but only occasionally is sufficient energy available to develop them. Nevertheless, fundamentally the market situation has improved on the Washington news of a naval holiday. The announcement has been received with great relief. The saving in view on Admiralty expenditure brings us still nearer the point at which we can really measure and grapple with our problems of national finance. Friends of America, however, hope that a cancellation of inter-Allied indebtedness will now be achieved by agreement between this country and the United States. And this is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Armaments Eclipsed.

Armament shares of course fell into a state of eclipse on this proposed cessation of warship construction. Prices flattened all round, but rather because professionals wondered what was going to happen than owing to any important selling by the public. There is no disposition to exaggerate the crisis with which the great naval shipbuilding firms are faced. They have not been very busy on Admiralty orders since the war, and have been directing their activities elsewhere with some success. There is now a disposition to talk airily of Government compensation, and while the Government has the taxpayers' interests to consider first, doubtless something will be done in that direction, for big capital has been sunk in these enterprises on actual or implied guarantees of national orders.

Some Hustle.

I rather expect that the reported intention of the Gordon Hotel directors to sell a round half dozen of their hotels, including the Hotel Victoria and the First Avenue Hotel, may give rise to a fresh storm of protest among shareholders. The Board, acting under the advice of Sir Francis Towle, may have good reason for their action, but the news has obviously provided a shock for proprietors, and it might have been tempered by a little intelligent publicity. The recent violent agitation against the directorate arose mainly from deficiencies in that respect. Shareholders undoubtedly have had plenty of anxieties in the immediate past and are not likely to entertain kindly feelings towards those supplying them with fresh jolts and surprises. Presumably the directors' view is that the Company has more hotels than it can profitably run without fresh capital expenditure, which at present is impossible.

Looking Cheap.

The 6 per cent. Notes of the International Railways of Central America, on analysis, look considerably underpriced, and are even cheaper than some of the industrial debentures I have mentioned lately. At 60 the yield is around 9 per cent., and is actually higher, as interest is payable in dollars, the return after allowing for the exchange profit being about 10½ per cent. Additionally the Notes are redeemable at par in 1927, giving a capital appreciation of 30 per cent. in six years. The Company's financial position is quite good, the accounts showing substantial surpluses for the past three years.

A Kaffir Revival.

The news that a strike on the Rand, as a result of the Companies' efforts to increase efficiency of production, has been averted is not to be under-estimated. A settlement has been reached which will ensure the native miners working a full eight hours again in return for eight hours' pay. The saving in working costs will be considerable and the Kaffir market can now face with equanimity the fall in the gold price. As difficulties in connection with the disposal of ex-enemy holdings have also been adjusted, it rather looks as if the obstacles standing in the way of a Kaffir revival had disappeared.

Mexican Railway Finance.

It has been a sore point in the Mexican Railway market for some months that nothing had been done to fulfil promises of a financial reckoning. Now a move has been made, and one Company intimates that it is preparing a scheme whereby current interest on the 1st and 2nd Debs. will be paid—and presumably maintained—and 20 per cent. of the Deferred Interest Certificates on the 6 per cent. Debs. will also be paid off. This is a bigger preliminary step than had been expected by the market, which is in a cheery mood in consequence. It is evident that the Mexican Government has paid over something on account of war damages, and as revenue is also improving, owing to the 25 per cent. increase in rates in force since August, the resumption of interest payments on the Preference stocks is nearer than it was.

You can still Buy

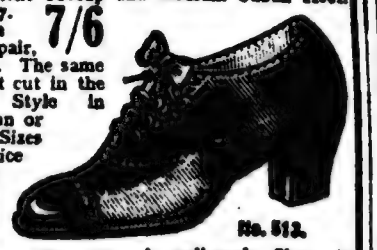
Ladies' Shoes

at pre-war prices.

THIS WEEK **7/6** Per Pair.

We are offering two more lines of Ladies' shoes to the public at our original standard price of 7/6 per pair. The stock of these lines is limited, and to avoid disappointment send your order immediately. Every pair is sold subject to our unconditional guarantee (see below).

No. 513. A splendidly made Oxford Shoe with Patent Toecap and medium Cuban Heel. Sizes, 3-7. Price per pair, **7/6**



No. 513.

No. 515. The same shoe but cut in the Brogue Style in either Tan or Black. Sizes 3-7 Price per pair **7/6**

No. 514. A well-made Shoe in Box Calf Leather, cut in the Gibson style with self toecap and medium Cuban Heel. A most comfortable hard-wearing shoe. Sizes 3-7 Price per pair **7/6**

No. 514.

OUR GUARANTEE.

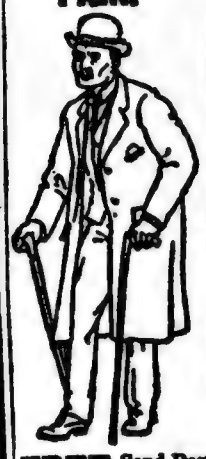
Orders will be taken in strict rotation, and if the Shoes do not meet with your full approval we will return the money immediately and in full. Send to us to-day to ensure quick delivery. State size and number required, and enclose 9d extra for postage.

THE DIRECT SUPPLY LEATHER AND FOOTWEAR CO., LTD.,

(Dept. 84) Cromwell House, Fulwood Place, High Holborn, London, W.C. 1.

Adjoining Chancery Lane Tube Station.

CONQUERS PAIN.



"ODDS ON" LINIMENT

Try it for

RHEUMATISM, GOUT, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, CHEST COLDS, CRAMP, SPRAINS, CHILBLAINS, BURNS, SCALDS.

All Chemists & Stores 1/3 & 3/-

FREE Send Post Card for TRIAL Bottle and interesting book, post free.

"THE ODDS ON" SPECIFICS Co., Ltd., 36/37, Cock Lane, Snow Hill, LONDON, E.C.

Provide for Yourself and Your Family by taking out an Endowment Policy with the

CITY LIFE ASSURANCE CO., LTD.,

6, Paul Street,

FINSBURY, E.C.2.

Managing Director: LEONARD ALDRIDGE.

Write for particulars NOW.

S E C R

Commencing DECEMBER 1st, 1st, 2nd and 3rd Class CHEAP

DAY RETURN TICKETS

will be issued every WEEK-DAY from S.E. & C. Stations within 15 miles of London by ALL Trains between 10.30 a.m. and 4.30 p.m.

TO

LONDON

AT ABOUT

SINGLE FARE for the RETURN JOURNEY.

The Tickets will be available to return on Day of Issue only, as under:—

Mondays to Fridays inclusive. By any Train before 5.0 p.m. & after 6.0 p.m.

Saturdays. By any Train.

Children under Twelve Half-Fares.

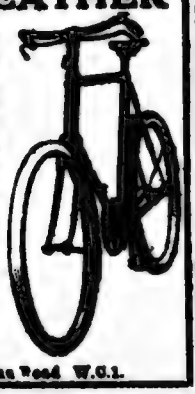
For Fares, Train Services, etc., see Time Tables, or enquire at any S.E. & C. Station.

P. C. TEMPEST, *General Manager.*

AN ALL-WEATHER BICYCLE for £4:17:6

A sturdy "All-Weather" cycle, made in the best factories (P.S.A. & B.E.) for the Government; thoroughly overhauled, and guaranteed to be in perfect condition, will be sent you direct for £4:17:6.

Get this splendid winter knock-about, and save pounds in fares. Easy payments. Money returned if not satisfied. Write or call at 138, Gray's Inn Road.



Hearn CYCLE CO LIMITED.

Dept. V., 384, Gray's Inn Road W.C.1.

COAL SENSATION

Bright House Coal AT 49/- PER TON

(As Supplied by us to the Nobility.)

In 3 Ton lots delivered in bags free within a radius of 6 miles of King's Cross Station. Deliveries beyond the 6 mile area charged 1/- per Ton per mile extra

Same Quality as elsewhere charged at 63/- per Ton

Secure at once your WINTER SUPPLIES by sending order and cash to

DIRECT FISH SUPPLIES, LTD.

Capital £2,000,000.

COAL DEPARTMENT,

33, Gordon Square, London, W.C.

Telephone: 4925 MUSEUM.

One Ton deliveries will be made at an extra charge of 6d. per ton. Quotations given for truckloads for delivery to anywhere.

Hundreds of Testimonials.

COAL RING BROKEN

SUITS AND OVERCOATS

In (1) Guaranteed Indigo Serges. (2) Range of the latest tweeds including Worsteds, Bannockburns, Saxonies, and Scotch Tweeds. (3) A selected bunch of overcoats consisting of Blue, Brown, and Grey Naps and heavy Fleecy cloths. Just quote the numbers in which you are interested and we will at once forward Patterns, our High Class Style Book and simple Self-Measuring form. Please note that these Suits and Overcoats are made only of the Highest Quality Materials, as we do not associate ourselves with the rubbish at present flooding the market. Prices range from 75/-. Terms 1/- per £ weekly. Cash Discount 10 per cent.

May We Send You Patterns?

J. B. Campbell & Co. (Dept. 8), 123, Oxford Street, Glasgow.

EASY TERMS

DO NOT MISS
THE WONDERFUL

DUNLOP SHOW

STAND **53** ANNEXE

CYCLE AND MOTOR-CYCLE

EXHIBITION

OLYMPIA

NOV. 28 —— DEC. 3, 1921

Buy your

FURS

WHOLESALE
AND
make certain of BEST POSSIBLE VALUE FOR MONEY.

The finest selection in London to choose from. Elegant Model Fur Coats, beautiful Fur Stoles and Wraps, all at WHOLESALE PRICES and of guaranteed quality. *Call or write.*

THE WHOLESALE FUR CO.,
145, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.2.
(Showrooms: First Floor.)

ALWAYS the best & still the best TO-DAY

For making the lightest, most digestible and appetising Bread, Cakes, Pastries, Puddings and Pies.

BORWICK'S
BAKING POWDER

has had an unrivalled reputation all over the world for nearly 80 years.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

12/- *per line* ***(Minimum 3 lines.)***

REAL HARRIS and Lewis Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot, James Street, Stornoway.

CERTIFIED BOOKKEEPERS get big pay. Qualify by postal training 8/- monthly; success guaranteed, two exams. Prospectus free.—City Correspondence College (Dept. 9), 89, New Oxford Street, W.C.1.

AUTOMATIC Rug-Machine. Makes Wool or cloth rug in an hour. Forms profitable hobby. Extra strong. Price 2/9 (postage 3d.)—Send now, 3/- P.O. to E. J. R. and Co. (Dept. J.B.), 682, Holloway Road, London, N.19.

AN OVERBOAT TURNED SUCCESSFULLY. —Book and prices.—Write Invisible Repair Co., Dept. J.B., St. Martin's Court, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

LADIES, save money, make your own gloves, hats, Dorothy bags, table centres. I sell nice leather in all colours at 1/3 sq. ft. Send 2d., additional envelope, full set patt.—Catt, Leather Merchant, Northampton.

"CATALOGUE, PLEASE." — This little message will bring you the greatest Money-Saving Guide ever published. Cycles, Tyres, and Thousands of Accessories.—H. Fitzpatrick (Dept. 62), Burnley.

£5 to £10 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay of 30/-; no previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars to H. Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

A GOOD SPARE-TIME AGENCY.—Applications invited from respectable working men in regular employment to supply Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Watches, Jewellery, Cutlery, Gramophones, cash or credit. No outlay. Liberal Supply of samples. Highest commission.—Freemans, Govt. Contrs., Lavender Hill, London.

GRAMOPHONES. — Greatest bargains ever offered. Latest horniess cabinet models, solid oak throughout. Full price, 39/6. Sent on appro. Money back if not satisfied. Art catalogue free from actual makers.—Excello Gramophone Co., Dept. J.B., 52-54, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.1.

PROFESSIONAL CARD TRICKS.—Complete Automatic Set, 3/9. Failure impossible.—Wabers (Y), Osborne Rd., S. Faraboro', Hants.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advt. inserted in 58 Provincial Newspapers for 7.10. London and Suburban Series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press Series (Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London, W.C.2.

SET OF TIMBER for full-sized Pedestal Ash, Oak, planed, 27/6, 30/-. Squared, boxed, ready for putting together, 42/6, 45/-. Will send set on receipt of cash. — Winstanley, Grange, Urmston, Manchester.

ROYAL AIR FORCE.—Semi-skilled men for training and skilled tradesmen for many trades required, including vulcanisers, motor drivers, fitters, etc. Ages 18 to 38 ex-Service men and 18 to 28 civilians. Men over 30 must be skilled. Pay commences at rates between 3/- and 5/6 per day, according to trade. Marriage Allowance paid to married men of 26 years of age and over with allowance for children.—For particulars, write, stating age, or call, Inspector of Recruiting, 4, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2; or R.A.F. Recruiting Depots, Crown Bldgs., James Watt St., Birmingham; or 298, Bath Street, Glasgow; or 11, St. Anne Street, Liverpool; or 15, Old Town Street, Plymouth.

TATTOOING or Tattoo Removing by experienced Specialist. T. or T. R. Outfits complete from 3/6. C. B. Davis, 289, Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

ASTHMA OVERCOME.—Dr. Douglas' MAORI CIGARETTES, the proved remedy of 40 years' standing. 2/6 per box.—Maori Depot, Scone, Scotland.

A XMAS GIFT DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY! Send a postcard now to H. Samuel, the Empire's Largest Jeweller, for his big Free Book of 3,000 Xmas Gifts, and see what you save by buying at next to Factory Prices. Free Xmas Prizes for all buyers. 7/6 Gent's Nickel Pocket Watch, worth double, fully jewelled, accurate and reliable. Thousands of other bargains in Jewellery, Watches and Electro Plate in the Big Free Book.—Write now to H. Samuel, Ltd. (established over half a century), 199, Market Street, Manchester.

PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills at 3/6 1,000. Memos, Billheads, Postcards, Duplicate Books, Posters, etc. Large range of samples, 3d.—Mead's, Room 60, Sandy, Beds.

EARN £5 a week by selling boots on commission; an astounding offer; easy work; generous pay; a straightforward proposition.—Write at once for particulars, Maximum Shoe Co., Ltd., Dept. 92, Maximum Works, Northampton.

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.—We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose Trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any Trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 37, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

Sensational Statement of Mr. M. Saldo, The Founder and Principal of MAXALDING.

. . . Recently I wrote to a certain Journal, requesting them *for their own satisfaction*, to make any investigation they desired into Maxalding. According to large advertisements that have appeared in various publications during the last few days, the same Journal has been lauded as having done a public-spirited action by its recent investigation of another Physical Culture system. And yet—although I, my consultants and assistants are all of pure British birth and lineage—my request was ignored. In view of the claims I make below, the British Public will be able to draw their own conclusions.

I AM PREPARED TO PROVE before any Tribunal of Medical Men that Maxalding constitutes the most simple, complete and effective Method of Physical and Mental Training ever discovered. Maxalding is a combination of all the movements that the human frame is capable of making; so analysed as to prevent unnecessary repetition of movement. In organised sequence it contracts, relaxes, stretches and controls every muscle and muscle-group. It establishes control over the organs of digestion; elimination, assimilation and respiration, and consequently eradicates all functional troubles that arise directly and indirectly from an inefficient working of any of these important organs and functions. The correct application of the Method has already resulted in the return to splendid health and fitness of thousands of sufferers from the following disorders:—

INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION, NERVOUS-DEBILITY, NEURASTHENIA, INSOMNIA, RHEUMATISM, OBESITY, SLUGGISH-LIVER, LANGUOR, DEPRESSION, HEADACHES, WEAK LUNGS, SUSCEPTIBILITY TO COLDS AND ATTACKS OF INFLUENZA, EMACIATION, CATARRH, LACK OF SELF-CONFIDENCE, LACK OF CONCENTRATION, ETC.

This mastery of the functions prevents any form of stagnation of the blood or food passing through the system. Energy of brain and body are conserved to such an extent that an amazing store of nervous energy is accumulated. Naturally for a time this conserved energy will be used in building new nerve and muscular tissue, or in burning up fatty or impure tissue. When the full potentialities of the particular person have been reached in this direction, considerable reserves of nervous energy will be stored and conserved which not only count for success in work or play, but ensure resistance to disease and cold catching.

Lung power is frequently increased over 100 per cent. by means of ingenious exercises—without apparatus—which make the muscles between the ribs supple, and compel deep instead of shallow breathing.

Mr. Vic. Alderson, of 1, Woone Lane, Clitheroe, Lancs., who was suffering from severe AFTER-WAR NEURASTHENIA writes under date, 19/11/21.

"The enclosed photos will show you the great benefits I have received from your guidance. You can make any use you like of the enclosed poses, which will not show discredit to your great system. Height, 5 ft. 6 ins.; Neck, exp. 16 ins.; Chest contracted, 34½ ins.; Chest exp. 42 ins.—showing 6½ ins. expansion; Biceps, 13½ ins."

Proof of Mr. Alderson's beautiful development, supple shoulders and chest is shown in the accompanying photograph which has not been retouched.

MAXALDING IS A SIMPLE SCIENCE THAT MAY BE MASTERED PRIVATELY IN A SMALL ROOM THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF CORRESPONDENCE, AND WHICH WILL ELIMINATE THE NEED OR DESIRE FOR DRUGS, NARCOTICS OR STIMULANTS IN A FEW WEEKS.

The foregoing is what I have to say about Maxalding and which has been endorsed by Eminent Medical Men. Below are a few extracts taken from my post on the morning of **Friday, November the 18th,** just as this announcement is going to press, and which record the opinions of patients and pupils.

CONVINCING AND UP-TO-DATE TESTIMONY.

(1) "I carry out your instructions accurately and am glad to report good progress in every way. I have not had a headache for about a month, and have increased greatly in vitality and self-confidence. I am also much improved physically and can honestly say that I am feeling better now than I have done for a long time. Thanking you for your kind and careful consideration of my case. (2) Since the commencement of the course I have had no return of any of the symptoms of the sickness. I feel remarkably fit and well and secure a regular bowel-action. Eyes are clear and tongue no longer coated. I wake fresh in the mornings and never have any trouble about sleep. Appetite good. The course is progressing more satisfactorily than I could have hoped for. (3) I have derived great benefit from your course. At present I am in magnificent condition, and I feel that I have established control over a good few muscles. When starting with you my weight was dressed, 10 st. 3 lbs., now it is 10st. 9 lbs. My leg is now quite alright. (4) I have completed my first fortnight of your exercises and I am pleased to be able to inform you that already I find them beneficial. Improved circulation shows itself in a healthier colour and I feel I possess a larger reserve of energy. My weight also has increased 4 lbs. (5) I like the exercises and feel improved generally. (6) I received first set of exercises and am wonderfully pleased with them. There is a great improvement in muscular development and health. (7) My muscles are very much larger and a feeling of freshness is realised by me after performing the exercises. (8) I have thoroughly mastered my first set and must say I certainly find an improvement. (9) I am getting on very well with the exercises and am feeling the benefit. (10) I am progressing very favourably with the exercises already sent, and there is a decided improvement in the muscles of the back. As regards health it is fine"

A **FREE DIAGNOSIS** will be made of any person's case of either sex, who writes me a personal letter telling me of the functional disorders that they wish to eradicate or informing me of their desires in the way of increased strength, development or agility. In my reply (which is Gratis, Post Free and involves no obligation), a copy of MAXALDING will be included, which is a modest brochure explanatory of the Method, containing some very interesting and wonderful illustrations besides much useful information.

Begin Maxalding to-day by memorising the address now,

MAXALDING, 333, New Stone Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. 2

and write to me as soon as you can get writing materials.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies should be forwarded in the first instance. For a reply by post on personal subjects, a twopenny stamped envelope must be enclosed.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCE *or* LEGAL *enquiries should be addressed to the Financial or Legal Editor, and must be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other enquiries. Full name and address should be given.*

A. H. (Ipswich) AND MANY OTHERS.—We much appreciate your good wishes.

E. M. (Wandsworth, S.W.).—Your contribution to our "Greatest of These" Fund is none the less appreciated because it is small. It is these regular gifts from a large number of readers that enable us to carry on the good work.

"HEADMASTER."—The scholar who, when asked "if there were any prophets nowadays," replied "Yes, sir, JOHN BULL," was a bright lad. No doubt he had made a wise choice of parents.

S. R. (Southgate).—You seem oblivious of the fact that "dear old Will Crooks" is no longer with us. Let's hope you'll wake up in time for your Christmas dinner.

A. F. (Cowes, I.o.W.).—"Parliament is like a cab which has seen much happier days." Perhaps so, although to tell you the solemn truth, we had never thought of it.

J. H. (Staffordshire).—Afraid no room on this page to give you "the true version of a real sportsman." Read Kipling's "If."

"JIMMY" (Paddington, W.).—Sorry cannot undertake to "find you a good-looking bird." A friend of ours has a pink cockatoo, but he wouldn't part with it.

"ADMIRER" (Hackney, N.E.).—"Right Honorable Sir——" That's the stuff, and damn etiquette!

J. M. (Birmingham).—We are obliged to you for pointing out the error of our printer's reader, who, after seeing your letter, was with difficulty restrained from suicide.

"SYMPATHISER" (India).—Your pretty Christmas card from "Tom, Lizzie, and the Baby," is absolutely the first to hand. In a week or two's time, of course, they will be coming up in cartloads.

"X. Y. Z." (Rochester).—"A bit of work would bring your fat down." Feel better now you've been rude?

"SEAFARER."—"I have been a seafarer all my life long." That's near enough, but to be quite accurate you would have had to be born in a ship's bunk.

E. H. (Sheffield).—We agree that the widest publicity possible should be given to the arrangements that exist for the feeding of hungry school children, although we fancy that this is the sort of news that spreads.

H. F. (H.M.S. *Crescent*).—"May I suggest that Ministers should practise a little economy in breath?" You may, of course, but, bless you, they're as thick-skinned as a set of crocodiles.

H. E. H. (Canterbury).—We were not, as you feared, "disgusted" with your verses, although we confess that we should not have cared to read them on an empty stomach.

PACIFIST (Chatham).—"Watch for a body laying at Shoeburyness." Quite worth it, we agree, with new laid eggs at fivepence.

"READER" (Spennymoor).—"Sacrifice seems often to lead the soul the wrong way." Fancy that now; and we always thought it was cake that killed the cat.

W. P. (Gibraltar).—We note your discovery that "French girls are very much like ours in physique." It would be interesting to know what variations you looked for.

"ARMCHAIR CRITIC."—"Ain't you a bit inconsistent in your discourses?" No, we ain't, and that's that.

C. K. (Huddersfield).—So you think the unemployment dole should be "handled through employers of labour." Far better enable them to hand out jobs.

MRS. B. (Sunderland).—So sorry to hear of your housing troubles. Trust your husband does not add to your difficulties by grousing at his food.

H. A. C. (Ireland).—Sorry there has been some delay in the acknowledgment of your letter. But better late than never, as the old man said when he joined the Boy Scouts.

MRS. G. L. (Hammersmith).—You are quite right to send us anything in the newspapers which you consider "disgusting." The last lot, however, was about as tame as a week-end at Tunbridge Wells.

E. C. D. (Leicester).—"Would it not be better to keep our Navy at its highest possible strength?" Certainly we ought to have cast-iron guarantees before entering into any arrangement for the mutual reduction of armaments.

J. W. (Bristol).—We regret that personally we have no use for "a quiet room over a lock-up shop." Fancy suggesting it at our time of life!

M. D. (Cardiff).—"I have not had the pleasure of seeing you." Another pang added to the age-long martyrdom of the human race.

W. S. (Devonport).—Your verses on advertising are not original, but they're none the worse for that. Possibly better, if the truth were known.

"YOUNG READER."—Sorry to hear that the Southend Police spied on you in the shelter. Much doing at the time?

W. I. L. (Rugeley).—Since the outcrop of coal you speak of is presumably on someone's land, you would have to obtain a mining lease before you could work it. Otherwise we fear the only crop will be trouble.

P. R. (Middlesbrough).—We were certainly not aware that gipsies could "change the skin on both hands." Nor are we now, if we may say so without incivility.

R. B. (Oxford).—Unfortunately there are a good many things which, during the present unemployment crisis, "seem hard." In this category we do not include the heads of the Government.

"HARD UP" (Shetland).—Sorry we can give you no idea of the price your hair would fetch if you cut it off and sold it. From the sample that you send us, we should say nothing like enough to compensate you for its loss.

P. M. (Woking).—We note that you "recently sent home two bottles of scent." Did you buy them with this intention, or was there a hitch in your arrangements?

M. B. (Hull).—"It is their own pockets that the Trade Union leaders are concerned about." Bet you'd soon shout if they started on yours.

"ENQUIRER" (Lerwick).—Very sweet of you to ask what we weigh. Perhaps we had better not tell you until we have done growing.

"OBSERVER" (Paddington, W.)—"Tell your printers not to harrow our feelings." We were under the impression that they had been behaving quite nicely of late, but if you're not satisfied, there shall be a noise made about it.

"NORBUT A JOSKIN" (Seaton Carew).—We are obliged to a million or so of our readers for pointing out that in a recent issue we put "barrow" instead of "harrow" when talking about a toad. At first we were inclined to swank we did it on purpose, but thought better of it.

"CONSTITUENT" (Hackney, N.E.).—We note that you are in accord with our "ideas" and "ideals." There's an "l" of a difference.

"ANONYMOUS" (Leicester).—It was certainly somewhat indelicate on the part of the landlady advertising rooms to state that tenants "must be clean." At any rate, she might have smelt them first.

C. F. (Sheffield).—"Your splendid article on the Greenwood case did me good to read." So it ought to have done considering we sat up half the night to write it.

"CONSTANT READER."—We note that, although hitherto unsuccessful in our "Bullets" competitions, you propose "still to plod on." Time and again such perseverance has won the big prizes.

"WATCH DOG" (Croydon).—"Keep your end up." Which end?

E. J. (Stourport).—Afraid cannot give you the address of the gentleman named. You might want to bring a breach of promise action against him, and then we should be nicely in the soup.

MRS. P. H. N.—"Hope on and you will win." Not a doubt of it, dear lady, and nothing more consoles us for passing misfortunes than the trust and confidence of our innumerable friends.

"BROTHER" (Strand, W.C.).—"The Devil is everywhere." Then there's no dodging him, so you may as well cut the cackle.

B. F. (Aberystwyth).—Since you invite our opinion, we consider that to write of a man that he spoke with "tears in his voice" is quite a permissible figure of speech. Now you can call us any old thing you like.

H. W. G. (Nottingham).—We do not go as far as ex-Councillor Clark in regard to short skirts. Although, perhaps, we ought to add that we do not know exactly how far he goes.

REV. I. R. A. R. (Jamaica) wishes to thank an unknown friend in England who for several months past has been sending him regularly a copy of JOHN BULL. The rev. gent's gratitude is an indirect compliment which we much appreciate.

S. B. G. (Bangor).—Sorry we have no idea who sent you a pair of silver candlesticks last Christmas. The staff here swear blind they had no hand in it.

"AN IRISHWOMAN" (Bradford).—Your kind contribution of £3 has been forwarded as requested.

"BULLETS COMPETITION No. 428.—We are sure our readers will congratulate the joint winners of the £1,000 Prize—Messrs. S. A. Wilson, of the Ordnance Office, Hobbs Point, Pembroke Dock, and A. J. Lynch, of 63, Tantallon Road, Balham—both of whom, we are glad to note, are ex-Service men, and personally evolved the successful lines.

MRS. M. V. (Walthamstow).—More times than we care to count we have criticised the Labour Exchanges. Afraid if you have missed the paragraphs you have not perused our columns with the assiduity which becomes a reader of such long standing.

G. M. (Edinburgh).—We have no experience of the "glorious effect of secret beverages." Bet you'll be nicely canned at Christmas.

WAKEFORD CASE.—If the writer of a recent anonymous letter will communicate with us in strict confidence, no name will be divulged in any circumstances whatever.

"UNCERTAIN" (Birmingham).—If you are thinking of emigrating, it will be wise to make the fullest possible inquiries in advance. A good plan would be to get a copy of "Canada To-day," published at half-a-crown, by the Canada Newspaper Co., Ltd., at 110, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.

F. H. (Henley-on-Thames).—If your Vicar really says that he travelled in a char-a-banc seven miles in four minutes he is either badly mistaken or has adopted Ananias as his patron Saint.

"WATCHER" (Streatham, S.W.).—It is quite possible, of course, that there may be "someone at the Foreign Office with Labour views." Perhaps it is the charlady.

L. H. (London, S.W.7).—"So you are still protesting against the disgraceful traffic in worn-out horses." You bet we are! It is not our habit to drop a job in the middle.

A. E. W. (Bournemouth).—Thanks for the "illuminating comment" on world conditions from a German writer. We would accept a pearl from a pig.

"FAIR PLAY" (Bradford).—The old-fashioned system of chaperonage at dances is not likely to be revived. You may take it from us that the average girl of to-day has her eye-teeth cut.

"ANTI-HUN."—"I am very thankful for the way you condemned cruelty to animals and poor little children." It is extremely civil of you to say so, and in return, we take the liberty of wishing you a merry Christmas.

"READER" (Monkseaton).—We are not sure that we follow your cryptic allusions to the "Wild" statements of a certain King's Counsel. Are you in Ernest?

"JOCK" (Clapham).—"If you were to turn Bolshevik you could do more harm to this country in four minutes than Germany did in four years." Look at that now—and we never thought of it.

"DUNTULM" (Bradford).—We do not understand your bitter hatred of the Welsh. Ten to one, if Lloyd George had not become Prime Minister they would have made some other appointment without passing the compliment to you.

"FELICE."—"Some of your friends are very indiscreet." We note your remarks—but if you go and say that we agreed with you you will have a big black mark for fibbing.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

The Latest News and Brightest Pictures in "SUNDAY ILLUSTRATED."

The very best digestive—

STONE'S GINGER WINE

—drink it regularly after meals.

In Bottles from Licensed Grocers, etc., and sold by the glass at all Bars, Buffets, Theatres, etc.

Be sure you get STONE'S—Look for the name on the Label.

Famous since 1740.

If any difficulty in obtaining, write Stone's Ginger Wine, Finsbury, London.

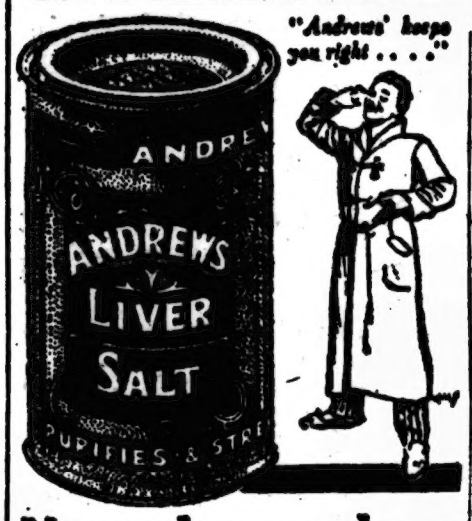
The Perfect Skin Cure.

Result of Years of Patient Research.

Germolene, the New Aseptic Skin Dressing, Revolutionises Domestic Treatment.

There is no further need for any member of the public to run the risk of experiment with doubtful skin cures. Germolene, the new aseptic skin dressing, has established itself as the domestic skin treatment of proved efficacy. It has no compeer: it is scientific, efficacious, perfect. There is no mystery about its discovery. Germolene is the outcome of years of work in the greatest of all domestic medicine laboratories—that controlled by the well-known Veno Drug Co., Ltd., of Manchester.

That work was conducted with singleness of purpose by highly qualified chemists, and it was checked day by day by practical tests upon human subjects. Germolene was not offered to the public until its proprietors were satisfied—nay, positive—that it was a reliable skin specific. The result has been one long series of triumphs all over the world. Germolene now stands supreme; the aseptic method of skin treatment has been amply justified. From day to day the newspapers afford convincing testimony that Germolene is to be implicity relied upon in cases of eczema, rashes, itching skin, psoriasis, impetigo, ringworm, pimples, piles, bad legs, deep-seated ulcers, poisoned wounds, and all skin accidents. Germolene was awarded gold medals—the highest awards possible—at four great international exhibitions. Sold at 3s. per box (1/3 the smaller size) by all chemists.



"Andrews' keeps you right . . . ."

November *can* be a month of Health!

Some people *dread* the Winter. The very thought of November conjures up Chills and Ills. They *need not* fear.

November is as healthful as any other month to those who *value* Health and give a little thought to safeguarding it.

The rules of Health are simple and the same through all the year:—Live rationally; exercise moderation in eating and drinking; see that your sleep, work, and recreation are fairly apportioned; don't be afraid to spend *two hours* of *every* day in the fresh air and—fly to Andrews' whenever you feel that Nature can do with the help it asks for, particularly in changing seasons.

Andrews' is the time-proved corrective for *family* use. Buy a Tin. Keep it handy, in the Bathroom or Bedroom. And so soon as any member of your household is feeling "out of sorts":—

(348) *Take, or give, a teaspoonful in a glass of water in the early morning for two or three days . . . . just until the normal Health and tone return. But take care you get the genuine Andrews', in the familiar green tin.*

10½D. *USUAL (4-oz.) SIZE.* *FAMILY (8-oz.) SIZE* 1/6

Sold by Chemists, Grocers, and Stores throughout Great Britain & Ireland. Trade enquiries should be directed to:

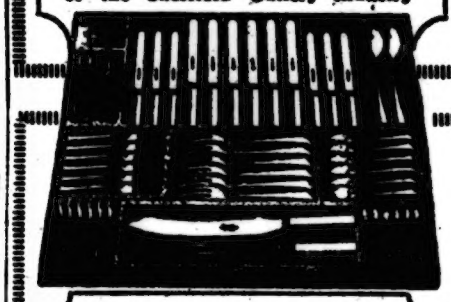
SCOTT and TURNER, Ltd., NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

GRAVES

SHEFFIELD

STAINLESS CUTLERY

The finest Cutlery Value in the World, and undeniably the greatest achievement in the whole history of the Sheffield Cutlery Industry



THE GRAVES SERVICE OF STAINLESS CUTLERY

and superfine Table Plate is of unrivalled excellence & by far the most attractive Stainless Cutlery Offer ever made.

7/6 with order

The KNIVES are are of genuine 'Enterprise' Brand Stainless Steel, fitted with handles of beautifully grained Ivorette, the most perfect substitute for African Ivory. Carver blade of genuine 'Enterprise' Brand Stainless Steel, 9½in. long, scimitar shaped. Carving Fork fitted with adjustable hand-guard.

Forks & Spoons are manufactured from Columbian Silver, a special amalgam of metals produced exclusively for our works and unobtainable from any other source. This beautiful metal bears a bright lustrous polish indistinguishable from sterling silver, wears white all through. Lasts a lifetime

WE DELIVER the Graves Stainless Service of Cutlery and Superfine Table Plate, carriage paid to approved orders, on receipt of 7/6 with order. Balance in 11 monthly payments of 7/6 if you are entirely satisfied with the Service after examination. Money back, in full, if at all disappointed.

THE GRAVES SERVICE COMPRISES:

1 Pair Genuine 'Enterprise' Brand Stainless Steel CARVERS, 9-inch Carved Blade, handsome Ivorette handles, securely fitted.		
6 Table Knives	6 Dessert Spns	1 Salt Spoon
6 Table Forks	6 Tea Spoons	1 Sugar Spoon
6 Dessert Knvs	6 Egg Spoons	1 pr. Tongs
6 Dessert Frks	2 Table Spns.	1 Jam Spoon

Price 90/- without case.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE. Our handsomely illustrated catalogue of genuine Sheffield Cutlery (including Stainless specialities), Silver Plate Case goods, etc., will be sent per return to your address on receipt of a post card. Easy Terms.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

LIVERPOOL VICTORIA Friendly Society. Est. 1843.

Profits Divided amongst the Policy Holders.

Claims Paid £16,300,000

Invested Funds... £9,500,000

Annual Income... £3,500,000

All our Branch Offices and Agents transact National Health Insurance. ARTHUR HENRI, Secretary.

Chief Office: 57, ANDREW ST., LONDON, E.C.4

Also without toecap for Scouts—same price.

SCHOOL BOOTS for the CHILDREN

Guaranteed All Leather 7/6

Higher Grade for Best Wear, 2/- extra. Needham's Boots are specially made to stand the hard wear of school days, being best leather throughout. For durability, comfort and smart appearance, Needham's School Boots cannot be equalled at the price. And your satisfaction is guaranteed with every pair

Sizes	7-10	7/6 pair.
,,	11-1	8/6 ,,
,,	2-5	10/ ,,
,,	6	1/- extra.

They are pre war value. Send order to-day and receive boots in 48 hour. *Money refunded if not as last d.*

Write for profusely illustrated family catalogue No. 61. It offers unsequalled value in footwear and clothing.

John Needham

ALL LEATHER WORKS

98 Sparkenhoe St. LEICESTER

INFLUENZA'S VICTIMS.

The most serious difficulty that confronts all who fall victims of influenza is the problem of ridding their systems of the after-effects of the disease. Even in those cases where the attack is light, the after-effects are severe.

The blood is the body's most dependable weapon in the fight against disease, and when the enemy is as violent as influenza, the blood generally becomes spent and impure.

No time should be lost in strengthening the system, and at this time a reliable blood builder, such as Dr. Williams' pink pills, is the best remedy to restore health. Dr. Williams' pink pills contain the necessary elements that go towards increasing and enriching the blood supply, and while they are doing this, the starved nerves are fed and toned up by this new blood. At the same time the tonic properties of these pills strengthen the stomach, and make digestion easy.

You should begin Dr. Williams' pink pills to-day. Of all dealers; or direct from address below, 3s. 9d. per box, post free. For men and women, too.

FREE.—A booklet, containing much instructive information, will be sent to all who address a postcard to Book Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

Don't pay for this Illustrated Dictionary

Until you are satisfied it is just what you need!

THIS Dictionary has more exclusive features than any other of its size and price—you have only to examine it to realise the advantages it possesses. Therefore accept our offer below.

"The DESK" STANDARD DICTIONARY

902 pages, Large 8vo—80,000 Words and Phrase —6,700 Proper Names 1,200 Illustrations—1,200 Foreign Phrases—11,700 lines of Synonymic Treatment.

(1) Beautifully bound Limp Morocco Leather, Thumb Index, Gilt Tooling and Edges	35/-
(2) Half Leather Stiff Bound, Thumb Index	21/-
(3) Half Leather Stiff Bound, without Thumb Index	18/-
(4) Strongly bound in Cloth, very serviceable	12/6

(Packing and Postage 1/- extra.)

SEND NO MONEY—See Coupon Below.

This Dictionary spells, pronounces, defines, and gives the derivation of about **80,000 words and phrases**, all in one simple vocabulary order, including latest additions to the vocabulary. The **1,200 illustrations** enable you to visualise the information sought. A number of tables, lists and phrases are included—coins, astronomy, weights and measures, metric system, chemical elements, presidents, sovereigns, law, prefixes and suffixes, foreign words and phrases, leading events of English History, etc.

To FUNK WAGNALLS CO., 134, Salisbury Square, London, E.C.4. *Approval Coupon.*

Please send your Dictionary on approval, Binding No. ....priced ..... plus 1/- postal charges. Unless I return it within five days, I will remit full payment or first payment of 5/- followed by monthly payments of 5/- thereafter until purchase is completed.

Name .....

J.B. Address.....

BEACON OILSKINS will keep you dry always

Men's Coats from 21/-, Ladies' from 22/6, Children's from 21/- (3-year-old size). Adults' Sou-westers, 2/6; Long Leggings, 5/6. All guaranteed against stickiness, leakage or dissatisfaction on money-back methods.

Illustrated List Post Free. Send 1/- for 10 to BARBOURS, LTD., 97, Beacon Buildings, South Shields, England.

SALESMANSHIP

THE HIGHEST-GRADE SELLING POSITIONS ARE FILLED BY "PHŒNIX" STUDENTS.

Short Postal Courses for:—

COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS SPECIALITY SALESMEN

We have urgent demands from the most progressive firms, and we guarantee to introduce every efficient student to a vacancy.—Write to-day for particulars.

Dept. 20, PHŒNIX SCHOOL OF BUSINESS Ltd., 439, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Your Last Chance to Win a Turkey!

SECOND PRIZE **£20**

10 Prizes of £5

10 Prizes of £2-10-

200 Prizes of 5/-

100 TURKEY PRIZES.

These specially selected Turkeys will be dispatched to reach their respective prizewinners in ample time for the Christmas dinner.

£250

BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE

THIRD PRIZE **£10**

500 Prizes of 2/6

2,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

2,000 POPULAR NOVELS

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the Thirty-two examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with any letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet. This example will guide you:—
Example:—FAIR FIGHT. Bullet: FOR SEAT IN PARLIAMENT. Competitors may send in two BULLETS for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 431.

GETTING THE BIRD	READY FOR CHRISTMAS	A MYSTERY	NEVER HEARD HOW
UP TO ANYTHING	MUSICAL NEIGHBOURS	MY COUNTRY	LIKE MAGIC
ALL CHILDREN LOVE	TOP AND BOTTOM	BIT TOO THIN	FUNNY THING THAT
WILLING HORSE	REGRETTED LATER	LOOKING BLUE	BACK UP
MUCH TOO SLOW	TELLING ON US	CHANGEABLE	MODEST SALARY
HIGHLY INFLAMMABLE	BREAKING POINT	HAPPY HOME	THE WRONG STUFF
GAME ALL LIKE	HARD TO GRASP	CLEVER SNAP	NOT FORGIVEN
WIFE AND KIDS	SPOOFING US	SELECT FEW	AFTER ME

Closing Date, Thursday, December 1st.

No.____
Example_____
Bullet_____

Example_____
Bullet_____

(431) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed_____
Address_____

☞ If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.

Closing Date, Thursday, December 1st.

No.____
Example_____
Bullet_____

Example_____
Bullet_____

(431) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed_____
Address_____

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 431, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Closing Date, Thursday, December 1st.

No.____
Example_____
Bullet_____

Example_____
Bullet_____

(431) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed_____
Address_____

Closing Date, Thursday, December 1st.

No.____
Example_____
Bullet_____

Example_____
Bullet_____

(431) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed_____
Address_____

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 432.

WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES—LADY FOOTBALLER—WHERE RAINBOW ENDS—ENGAGED—THE LATEST CUT—VANISHING TRICK—FILLING THE CRADLE—MODERN MOTHER—THE EASIEST WAY—CUPID'S DART—DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE—BUCK UP—SEEING THE SIGHTS—MAKES CAT LAUGH—WRONG HALF—THE CO-OPTIMISTS—WAITS—PROMISE AND PERFORMANCE—BABY GRAND—PARADISE LOST

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons above, and must reach us on or before **Thursday, Dec. 15th.** All Coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **432** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. **432**, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the Thirty-two Examples for Competition No. **431.**

A complete list of 100 Turkey winners in "Bullets" Competition 429 will be sent on receipt of a stamped and addressed envelope.

Result of 429th 'Bullets' Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mrs. E. COOKE,
8, Johnson Street, Norwich, Norfolk.
Example:—FORWARD MISS.
Bullet:—DEVELOPS INTO "ADVANCED WOMAN."

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. ARTHUR STANSFIELD,
Great Houghton, Barnsley.
Example:—PAYING THE BOOKIE.
Bullet:—AND COUNTRY—IF LICENSED.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. FRANK SUMMERFOLD,
82, Ludlow Street, S.-on-H., Manchester.
Example:—UNCERTAIN.
Bullet:—LAWYERS NATURALLY MAKE LAWS.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

Mr. H. G. TAVERNER, 22, Newland Rd., Weston-super-Mare:
LAZY MAN—NATURE NEVER "PROVIDED FOR."
Mrs. BROOKE, 65, Winifred Rd., Stockport:
ONE OF THE BOYS—EVERYBODY THINKS BUT WIFE.
Mr. T. W. BURRELL, 44, Morley Rd., Leicester:
POOR SPORT—PROHIBITION WOULD MAKE CHRISTMAS.
MARY PETTIGREW, 14, Pentland Ter., Juniper Green, N.B.:
OPTIMIST AND PESSIMIST—TWO SCOTSMEN ENTERING PUB.
Mr. H. G. BARNES, Redland Park Hall, Whiteladies Rd., Clifton, Bristol:
READY TO DROP—ECONOMY'S CLOAK—OVER MEANNESS.
Miss C. DECK, 12, Sinclair Rd., West Kensington:
OPTIMIST AND PESSIMIST—AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER AND VICTIM.
Mr. C. GREGO, 11, Stanley Ter., Windermere:
WORK OF ART—GRUNDY DOESN'T WANT "UNVEILED."
Mr. A. ROBERTSON, 45, Lilybank Rd., Dundee:
UNCERTAIN—THAT'S NOT TAXPAYER'S VOICE.
Mrs. F. LOVELL, 67, Burrage Rd., Plumstead, S.E.18:
TRUST A WOMAN—BOOKIE, SHE'S EASIER CAUGHT.
Mr. W. MYERS, 31, South Ville, Yeovil, Somerset:
READY TO DROP—IN AGAIN—BRITAIN'S CUSTOMER

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

Mr. A. W. COULAM, Gedney Hill, Wisbech:
MENDING—SOME MOTHER'S ONLY "PILE."
Mr. O. THOMAS, 16A, Madoc St., Portmadoc, N. Wales:
FLAPPER'S FUN—MODERN MOTHER FREQUENTLY SHARES.
Mr. W. CLARKE, 98, Rutland Rd., Forest Gate, E.7:
NOT AS PROMISED—NEW WORLD—HENCE BOLSHEVISM.
Miss W. M. KENYON, Ainsworth Farm, Heath Charnock Lancs.:
NOT HEARD NOW—"BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS."
Mr. H. CHEERS, Temperance Hall, Milford Haven:
OUT WITH WIFE—ON FOOTBALL FIELD SOON.
Mrs. H. B. HOBSON, 6, Melrose St., Anlaby Rd., Hull:
WRONG DIRECTION—OFTEN LEADS TO APPEALS.
Mr. J. BARCLAY, 23, Cotton St., Aberdeen:
STRIKES ME—"HAMMER" MUST SUPPLEMENT "AXE."
Mr. D. GORST, Market, Lancaster:
WHO SAID THAT—INTERVIEWED READING INTERVIEW.
Mr. J. MCKENZIE, 4, East London St., Edinburgh:
MARRIED LIFE—HUSBANDS DON'T ALWAYS LEAD.
Mr. A. STANIFORD, 54, Franchise St., Derby:
TRICK OF THE TRADE—TEMPERATURE DOWN—COAL UP.

BULLETS RULES

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry

WHY PAY FIRE INSURANCE PREMIUMS?

THE JOHN BULL GREAT FREE

FIRE INSURANCE

COVERING ALL RISKS BY FIRE TO HOME, LIFE & LIMB.

UNDER this most unique FREE INSURANCE OFFER anyone above the age of 10 can be insured irrespective of sex. The premium charged by any Fire and Accident Insurance Company to secure similar benefits would certainly exceed 5s. per annum. We offer it to you absolutely free.

A separate coupon must be filled up in respect to each person to be insured.

This offer applies only to persons residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland and Wales.

The full conditions governing this scheme will be published from time to time.

WHAT WE WILL PAY:

For Damage to contents of Home by Fire up to	£200
In case of Death directly due to Fire at Registered Reader's home	£200
For the Loss of Two Limbs or Both Eyes, or One Limb and One Eye	£200
For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye ...	£100
Medical Fees for Injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injure person from following his or her employment, up to...	£10
In the event of a Temporary Total Disablement up to 13 weeks	£1 per week

ORDER FORM.
TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To .....
Newsagent.

Please deliver "JOHN BULL" to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address .....

November 26, 1921.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM.
Which must be posted to—
JOHN BULL INSURANCE DEPT., Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

..... Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, not myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Home Address .....

November 26, 1921. .....

To remain qualified for the benefits readers must continue to have "John Bull" regularly supplied to them.

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Registration Form is required.

NEXT WEEK! BULLETS' CHRISTMAS SUPER-OFFER £1,000 First Prize £500 Second Prize £250 Third Prize

closes this week!

£2,000

FOR ONLY TEN RESULTS OR NEXT BEST COUPON

THE sum of £2,000 will be paid to the sender of a coupon containing the correct results of the 10 matches given. If no correct results are not given, the £2,000 will be awarded to the sender of the most correct results, so that in any event the £2,000 MUST BE WON. This is the

BIGGEST FOOTBALL PRIZE OFFERED BY ANY PAPER.

We advise competitors to make a careful study of football form before filling in their coupons. Scottish and Irish readers can compete. Competitors may send in as many coupons as they like.

NO GOALS REQUIRED

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

(1) All attempts must be made on coupons taken from papers containing this competition. Coupons must be completely filled in with ink in ordinary handwriting (typewriting or pencil will not be allowed) and in accordance with the instructions given on this page.

(2) The sum of £2,000 (two thousand pounds) will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon containing the correct results of all the matches played to a finish. If no competitor succeeds in giving all the correct results, the sum of £2,000 will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon with the most correct results. In the event of a tie or ties, the prize to be won will be equally divided amongst the most successful competitors. No competitor can receive more than one share of the £2,000. Should any match not be played to a finish on the date given or as set out on the coupon, it will be disqualified.

(3) Ten crosses in all must be marked on each coupon, one for each match. Coupons marked otherwise will be disqualified.

(4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss, delay or non-delivery of any coupon. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt. No correspondence will be entered into, nor will interviews be granted.

(5) An altered or mutilated coupon will be disqualified. Any coupon received later than Thursday, Dec. 1st, will be disqualified. Employees of the papers conducting this competition are not eligible to compete.

(6) The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning this Competition, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

HOW TO FILL UP YOUR COUPONS

If you think the "Home" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Home"; if you think the "Away" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Away"; if you think the result will be a draw, place a X in the column headed "Draw." Only one X must be entered for each match. Coupons must be completely filled up in ink.

This competition is run in conjunction with "Sunday Illustrated" and "Sunday Evening Telegram."

Cut out Coupon neatly and address all entries as follows: Football Competition No. 14, "JOHN BULL," 93, Fleet Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2. Write "Football" in top left-hand corner of envelope. All coupons can be enclosed in one envelope, but this must not contain entries for other Competitions.

COMPETITORS MAY SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS THEY LIKE.

Result of Football Competition No. 12 appears on page 12.

"JOHN BULL" FREE FOOTBALL COUPON.

Closing Date, Thursday, December 1st.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3rd.

HOME TEAM		AWAY TEAM	HOME	AWAY	DRAW
Aston Villa	v.	Liverpool			
Cardiff City	v.	Sunderland			
Chelsea	v.	Preston N. E.			
Huddersfield T.	v.	Burnley			
Newcastle U.	v.	Middlesbrough			
Blackpool	v.	Fulham			
Notts County	v.	Leeds United			
South Shields	v.	Notts Forest			
Millwall	v.	Southampton			
Watford	v.	Queen's P. R.			

☞ Coupons must be cut—not torn out.

I enter "John Bull" Football Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions on this page, and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

(14) SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

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